

THE

LIGUORIAN

MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF GOOD READINGS

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Amongst Ourselves

It can be reported now that the editors of *The Liguorian* are elated over the vote of confidence given them by their readers during the month of May. All subscribers were invited to extend their subscriptions before the new price went into effect on June 1. Many thousands availed themselves of the opportunity; hundreds arranged to keep *The Liguorian* coming to them for the next six years; a great many sent in subscriptions for friends, with words of encouraging comment and appreciation. The investment thus made by "lovers of good reading" will be used to make the reading matter they receive better than ever.

A very important and, to most people, both fascinating and useful series of articles will begin in the August *Liguorian*. Its general title will be "Is Your Mind O. K.?" and it will deal with all the forms of mental breakdown (except those caused by physical defects) that are so common in the world today. The author will be Rev. H. J. O'Connell, a top-ranking authority in the field; yet the style will be popular and easy to follow and understand. Some of the mental disorders that will be treated in specific articles of the series will be: nervous breakdown or neurasthenia, hysteria, phobias and obsessions, anxieties and scruples, manias, split personality, delusions. The arti-

cles will show how such disorders get their start in people's lives and how they can be checked in their very beginnings. Thus they will have a twofold value, one for the self-analysis of readers themselves and the other for the guidance and assistance of others who may be showing the first signs of some mental weakness. It is suggested that readers clip the articles (if they do not preserve their *Liguiorians* intact) and save them till they have the entire series. If the remedies given are applied, considerable money may be saved that would otherwise eventually be paid out to psychiatrists, in some cases to the wrong kind of psychiatrists. It is not, of course, pretended that reading articles of this kind will be sufficient to cure a full-grown mental disease; it is maintained that the knowledge given will show up the beginnings of mental trouble and point out what must be done to check it.

The series of articles promised above has grown out of suggestions made to us by several readers, some of them months ago. It may be added that the editors welcome such suggestions. Though it is not possible to carry out promptly all the suggestions that are sent to us, they are nevertheless welcomed and do help to shape the future issues of the magazine "for lovers of good reading."

ASK

For the List of Liguorian Pamphlets and Booklets. There is something for every type of person and for every kind of need.

The Liguorian

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THE Liguorian

a magazine for the lovers of good reading



Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy
and Religion, and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings

Workingmen's Freedom

A glimpse into a hypothetical future of America, that could be built
on the foundations that some of its leaders are trying to lay today.

D. F. Miller

WE take you first, backward through history, to the floor of the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., where, on April 14, 1947, the Honorable Frederick C. Smith of Ohio concludes a half hour address (later to be reprinted by him and sent out on his franking privilege to many Americans) with the following words:

"Legislation should be enacted re-asserting and guaranteeing to every citizen his constitutional and self-preserving right to work when, where, and at whatever occupation is open to him for employment, at any wage he can individually and voluntarily agree upon with an employer, without having to pay tribute to anyone or belong to any organization."

We now ask you to accompany us into the realm of fancy. (It is not too fanciful a realm, however, because once upon a time it was the realm of fact, and from the above it is clear that there are those who want to make it the realm of fact again.) Let us say that Mr. Smith of Ohio casts a spell over his fellow congressmen, and in an uproar of shouts for freedom and the American's constitutional right to work when or

where he can get a job and at any wage he can individually induce an employer to agree to pay him, a law is passed making unions illegal, suppressing all collective bargaining, establishing it as a crime for two or more workingmen to make representations to an employer. In no time the law is also passed by the Senate, chiefly as a result of a fiery rendition of the speech of Mr. Smith of Ohio by a senator from Ohio or Indiana. Let us say, too, that it is either signed by the President or passed over his veto. It is called "the Smith anti-slavery law", and hailed by a large number of employers as the greatest single contribution to the preservation of free enterprise that has ever been made.

•

We take you now to the office of the Ajax Manufacturing Co., a small plant that makes nuts and bolts and employs about thirty men. It is the day after the signing into law of the "Smith anti-slavery bill." The employees have been called into the office of the owner-manager for a "personnel message." You may listen to the message:

"Men, the day of your freedom has at last dawned. No longer can anyone

force you to contribute of your hard-earned money to the support of racketeering union bosses nor to the relief of striking nut and bolt workers in plants a thousand miles away from here. At last, thanks to a wise and courageous Congress, you are free to come and go to your jobs as you please, and to decide for yourselves, as individual free-born Americans, what kind of jobs you want, what wages you will work for, and under what conditions you are willing to hold your jobs. The reign of the dictator union bosses is ended, and I am sure that you are as happy over that as I am.

"Now, naturally, a few adjustments will have to be made around this shop. The great gift of freedom which has been bestowed upon you by the Congress of the United States must be exercised by each one of you. Just as you may no longer suffer under the dictation of a union, so neither may I dictate to you. You are all good workmen, even though some of you did support your union bosses. But we'll let bygones be bygones, and give each of you the option to make the first bids for your jobs. Of course, you will remember that there are many unemployed in this area who will also want your jobs, and according to the basic freedom now guaranteed to every American worker, they will have a right to bid against you. I shall have to hold myself bound in conscience to give the jobs to the lowest bidders. You have this tremendous advantage, that you can bid first, and if you make your bids, i.e., the amount you ask for as wages, low enough, I'm sure that nobody will be able to come in off the street and take the job away from you.

"I must remind you of the strict obligation of secrecy in the matter of making known to me how much wages

you will work for. If two or more of you enter into collusion in an endeavor to establish a wage rate higher than that which I can induce any free and unemployed American to accept, you are liable to both imprisonment and fine. But I am sure that you prize your precious new freedom too much to need that warning. If somebody underbids you for the job you have been holding here, you are always free to go elsewhere and underbid somebody else. Thus glorious opportunity has now opened its doors to you all.

"I therefore ask you to hand in your sealed wage bids by tomorrow noon at 12 o'clock. Before closing time in the evening, we shall let you know whether you have won the right to keep your job. I am certain that whatever you will now lose of your former wages (and let no man make the mistake of thinking that anything like the old scale will be tolerated) will be fully compensated by the glorious freedom that has become yours. That's all."

•

From the nut and bolt shop, we take you to the magnificent offices of the United Motors Corporation, largest manufacturers of motor cars and trucks in the world. An argument is going on among several members of the board, in the midst of which the following speech is made by the chairman:

"No, gentlemen, despite the far-sighted vision of our Congress in removing the shackles of union domination from our workingmen, I will not agree to the proposal to remove the floor entirely from our wage scale. It may be true, as you suggest, that Mammoth Motors will be able to hire men for four dollars a day and thus reduce their costs to a point where they will drive us out of competition. But you forget that the restoration of freedom

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to the workingman not only entitles him to work for as small a wage as he wants or can get from us, but it also removes from him all those enslaving restrictions as to conditions and hours of labor. I am thinking that we can buy a tremendous amount of good will, and get the money spent for it back in overtime work without pay and through efficiency methods, if we declare to the world that we shall not pay our labor less than five dollars a day. After all, during the days of union dictatorship, we were forced to pay ten dollars a day and more. Let us not be niggardly with our men, now that they are free. Let us not imitate our money-mad competitors by forgetting that these are our men and we have a responsibility towards them. I say we shall give them five dollars a day, as long, of course, as business is good and we need them. They must be put in a position to save something for our slack periods when they will have no work. United Motors will always be just and fair with its men."

The following scene occurs frequently in employment offices throughout the land as the months pass and the workers become accustomed to their new freedom:

"Say, mister, how about a job?" The man who asks the question has a haggard look, shabby clothes, and a deep sorrow evident in his eyes.

"Sorry, bud, we're all filled up. Unless . . . unless . . ."

"Unless what? I must have a job. My wife is having a baby, and she is sick because I can't get her the right kind of food. I've gotta have a job."

"Well, what'll you work for? I've got a man here who's getting 18 dollars a week. But he's got a wife and kids too."

"I'll work for 17. I've gotta work. I've gotta get some money. When can I start?"

"Well, give me time to get the other fellow out of here, anyway, won't you? You come back in a couple of hours . . ."

A few years pass. A terrible depression has swept over the country. There are millions of men out of work, millions more living on less than subsistence wages. Prices have fallen to the lowest point in all history, but there are few people who can buy anything but the barest necessities of life even at the low prices that have come to prevail. The showrooms of automobile dealers are packed with unsold cars; department stores have had to close entire floors and use them as stock rooms for excess inventories; there is little buying of furniture, household appliances, luxury goods of any kind. Factories have shut down; trains run with scarcely any passengers; the air lines have all but collapsed financially.

Many efforts are put forth to explain the depression. The financial journals carry long articles showing that "a collapse of foreign credit has reacted unfavorably on the domestic economy." A professor proves by charts and figures that the depression is merely a necessary phase in the business cycle and could have been predicted by anyone who knew his economic history. The president of a large company that has closed its plant "until the situation adjusts itself" begs the American people to have confidence—to trust their leaders, meaning the business men who have retired to their country estates till the depression spends itself. Some business men even blame the workers. We quote from an article written by one such:

"The trouble with America is that

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the workingman has lost the pioneering spirit that cleared the forests and built our cities and made this country great. Spoiled by the era of union domination, lulled into sloth by having had, during the darkest period of this country's history, a few dictatorial labor bosses to make all their decisions for them, American workingmen have been responsible for the depression we now suffer. There is nothing wrong with this country that honest, God-fearing, freedom-loving and ambitious workingmen cannot cure, if only they will have the vision and courage of their noble ancestors. My own ancestors came to this country a hundred years ago with nothing but their brain and brawn; they did not need high wages; they started out working for as little as five dollars a week; step by step they advanced themselves by hard work and saving, till they built the huge empire that it is my privilege to own today. What they did, in this land of free enterprise, the workingman can do now."

But despite such articles and speeches, the breadlines get longer and longer, and more and more unused stores and shops are turned into soup kitchens by

Churches, the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., and by federal, state and city governments.

And almost before anybody realizes it, there are about 10 million Communists in the land. They march by night . . . they meet in the basements of idle factories, in dilapidated school buildings, in old garages and abandoned night clubs . . . Sporadic violence breaks out . . . there are fires of unknown origin . . . there are mutterings of revolution . . .

Only a few men can now remember how it all started. Only a few can still quote the ringing words of the Honorable Frederick C. Smith of Ohio which started the new era of freedom for workingmen in America:

"Legislation should be enacted reasserting and guaranteeing to every citizen his constitutional and self-preserving right to work when, where and at whatever occupation is open to him for employment, at any wage he can individually and voluntarily agree upon with an employer, without having to pay tribute to anyone or belong to any organization."

The Advice Was Free

An old British pub-keeper had the following very appropriate sign posted over his establishment:

Call softly
Drink moderately
Pay honorably
Be Good Company
Part friendly
Go Home Quietly
Let those lines be no man's sorrow
Pay today and I'll trust tomorrow.

Double-Talk

A travelling friend of ours reports having come across this sign which emerged from the water of a river in one of our western states:

NOTICE!
When this sign is out
of sight it is unsafe
to cross this river.



Character Test (50)

L. M. Merrill

On Being Ambitious

There are three senses in which the word "ambitious" may be applied to human beings. In general the word may be said to signify the desire to make progress, to "get ahead", to achieve something that is thought to be worthwhile. In the first sense, one can be ambitious to attain the only true goals in life, viz., the salvation and sanctification of one's soul, and to help others attain the same goals. In the second sense, one can be ambitious to attain worldly success, prominence, fame, wealth—objects not evil in themselves so long as the principal goal in life is not lost sight of and set aside. In the third sense, one can be ambitious to attain success in the world as the sole object in life, therefore to the exclusion of all thought of the welfare of the soul.

It is in this last sense that ambition ruins character and destroys the soul. There are several marks by which a person can know himself to be evilly ambitious and therefore in the gravest possible spiritual danger and moral weakness.

The first mark of evil ambition is to be found in the fact that a person is spending all his time at making money or scheming for power or pursuing fame. Such a man often says bluntly: "I have no time for going to church, or for the practices of religion—no time even for prayer. I'm too busy with my career." He has lost all perspective of true values in life and no matter how successful he may be, his ambitions will bring him a lonely old age and a bitter eternity.

The second mark of evil ambition is the willingness to sacrifice moral integrity for the sake of getting ahead. Thus the evilly ambitious politician will lie or will accept tainted money when these measures help his cause; the evilly ambitious business man will embrace injustice or will promote immorality if he can become richer thereby; the evilly ambitious social climbing wife will neglect her family, refuse to bear children and even deny her faith if these things seem necessary to make her prominent in society.

The third mark of evil ambition is an incapacity for true friendship and charity. An ambitious person uses other human beings only as stepping stones to his own advancement. Thus he has no time nor service for those who cannot help him onward toward success and fame; and he quickly drops those who have helped him when their usefulness has come to an end.

Everybody is naturally endowed with a fund of ambition. It is necessary to direct this tendency first and foremost toward the goal of sanctity; to beware of becoming so wrapped up in the pursuit of earthly goods that the soul may be forgotten; and above all, never to sacrifice the principles of morality nor the obligations of charity for wealth or success or fame.

Houma, Louisiana

Cities and towns, like people, have a character all their own. From time to time, The Liguorian will present character studies of little known cities.

E. F. Miller

I AM seated at the moment by an open window on the second floor of the parish rectory of Houma, Louisiana. I use the word parish in the primary and ancient sense, that is, in the sense of a number of people who have attached themselves to a certain church under a duly authorized pastor and constitute the congregation of that church. They are known as a parish. In Louisiana the word parish has taken on another and different meaning. Counties are called parishes, due undoubtedly to the Catholic (Latin — *parocchia*) tradition that began with the first white settlers of the territory who staked off large areas for colonization on their arrival from France or from Acadia (many of the present-day people of the area are descendants of the men and women who were forcibly ejected from Acadia in Canada in 1755 and whose story was made famous by Longfellow's "Evangeline"), and after setting up churches in the center of the place where they lived, called the whole area a parish. When Louisiana became a state in the United States, the name "parish" was retained to signify a county, even though many Protestants had meanwhile moved in, bringing with them their own peculiar brand of religion and breaking it down into diverse and various congregations. When I say that I am sitting by an open window of the parish rectory, I do not mean that I am sitting by a window that belongs to the county; rather, the priest's residence, which is part of the institution of St. Francis de Sales Catholic parish.

The house is unique beyond description. When it was built I have no idea; but it must have come into existence a long time ago, for it comprises a series of additions that set it to rambling around the property without let or hindrance. Steps ascend and descend between rooms on the same floor, here in twos and there in threes; staircases unite the stories in the most peculiar places as though they were afterthoughts or things to be ashamed of; doors form exits and entrances at almost any old place on any old side. The inside of the house is the exact duplicate of the outside. I mean to say that the same kind of wood is used for the walls of the various rooms and corridors as is to be found on the outside facing the weather. No plaster or wall paper was applied even in the parlors or the living quarters, and no rugs or carpets deny the floors their right to be walked on by feet. There is a reason for this bareness. No one need be told that this far south the weather has a way of warming up. The mere thought of a thick rug is enough to make a man perspire. And wall paper can have little purpose other than to hold in the heat. Thus, away with rugs and wall paper. But the inside walls are not completely bare. They are painted with great foresight and understanding. Directly in front of me the wall is light blue, while the wall of the narrow hallway connecting my room with the one adjoining is soft green. No heavy colors were employed to give the impression of stuffiness or heat, but only those which were

light and airy like the shade of a forest or the openness of the sky.

The first day I walked into the downstairs part of the house I nearly became lost, for rooms are scattered about not only in great profusion but also in great confusion. Eventually I found my way into the kitchen, a most spacious apartment that had so many windows that I felt as though I were outside. It was there that I met Mrs. Kelly and Mary Banks. Mrs. Kelly, a lady of genteel appearance and of great kindliness, was the major domo of the establishment, directing the cleaning of the house and the cooking of the meals with skill and efficiency. Mary Banks was the cook. She was colored and a Baptist. Furthermore, she possessed a talent for placing viands on the table that would give an appetite to a stone. She excelled in seafoods, and anyone who has traveled through the south and has tasted the precious concoctions that emerge from well-informed kitchens, knows whereof I speak. But it was not very long before I heard that Mary was having her troubles. It seems that her colored minister did not take kindly to her communing with heretics, especially in view of the fact that the chief popish heretic was none other than a priest. Came Sunday, and he denounced her publicly from his pulpit, even as John Chrysostom denounced Eudoxia from his pulpit. John Chrysostom went into exile; but not so the minister. He simply went back to his original trade, which was that of a barber. The people did not like his hard remarks about Mary, for Mary was a popular figure in her congregation. She is large and comfortable and full of that sympathy and native charity so proper to her race. She had many friends; and these friends defended her wholeheartedly. It seems that there was quite a commotion in the

church, the minister denouncing and the people defending. But the upshot of the affair was that Mary remained entrenched while the minister repaired to another vocation. He exchanged the Bible for the clippers. And so, with the blessing of her church, one might say, Mary continued her artistry in the strange kitchen of the priest's ancient house. She was definitely a part of it, and surely the walls would fall were she to leave.

From my window I can see spread out before me the city of Houma, consisting of small one-story houses, narrow gravel-covered streets, and a crazy-quilt pattern of streams and tortuous rivers. If it interests you, I might say that the town was founded by two gentlemen, R. H. and James B. Grinage in 1834, and promptly became the seat of justice (by which is meant the county seat) of Terrebonne parish (county). It is situated on Bayou Terrebonne, just 52 miles from the Walnut street ferry in New Orleans, and is the center of the sugar cane section as well as of the crab, shrimp and oyster industry of Louisiana. The name Houma derives from the Choctaw Indian language and means "red." It would take too long to tell you how it all came about that Houma which means "red" came to be the name of this flourishing little city. Suffice it to say that the Choctaws, who had the odd custom of daubing their leggings and their faces with red paint on various occasions, settled in the general area of the town around 1732. Some white men who had a halting knowledge of their language knew at least this much, that Houma meant red; and so they began to call the Choctaws, Houmas. From there you can take it. In almost no time the home grounds of the Houmas became known as Houma. A few of the descendants

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of these Indians, almost all of whom are Catholic, can still be seen hovering around; but the day of their glory is gone. Most of the people are now French with sonorous names like Cheramie, Bonvillain, Dethacourt, Authement and Boudeloche. Boudreaux and Guidrys abound and there are many Crochets and Chovins. But their baptismal names are even more resonant than their last names. It is only in this district that you will hear children addressed as Pelagie or Eyphrosine or Emerente or Notesia. And it is only here that you will find a man called O'Brien who cannot speak a word of English, or at best, very few words of that language. It was a case of an Irish lad marrying a French girl, and the French girl taking the lead and keeping it right down the stretch.

Houma is situated at the junction of five bayous—Blue, Little Caillou, Grand Caillou, Dularge and Black. A bayou is a stream of water, not very wide (less than a river and more than a creek) which has its origin in the Mississippi and its terminus in the Gulf of Mexico. It never seems to be going any place definitely, or better, it doesn't seem to care whether it goes any place or not. But it's going alright in the sense of moving; otherwise it would be either a lake or a puddle, and everybody who can spell knows that a bayou is neither a lake nor a puddle. And we repeat that it is not a river. And certainly it is not a creek. What is a bayou, then? Well, it is water first of all. Secondly, it is water that is not too concerned about well defined banks. If one side wishes to take off for an open field, it does so without consulting the other side—or the field either. And it is at home everywhere — strolling through decent towns, lolling in the midst of giant trees that form almost impenetrable

forests and that are hung with mysterious Spanish moss, and making friends with swamps where lizards and other crawling things hang out. But it never loses its identity. You can be sure that a bayou never compromises with a swamp by becoming a swamp, nor gives quarter to a river by accepting a river's character unless it be through the persistence of rains or the onslaughts of floods. In short we may say that a bayou is like an unshaved man who has a fair education but who doesn't work too hard; or it's like a cat that slinks and slides around, not wanting to make its presence too sharply felt.

The five bayous that belong to Houma converge on the town as fingers converge on the upper part of the palm of the hand. That doesn't necessarily make Houma like Venice. I would say that it is a place reminiscent of the land of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. You just about feel forced to loaf in the presence of so many loafing streams. The only thing that saves you from so felicitous a manner of spending your time is the Intercoastal Canal, a narrow ribbon of water that is half artificial and half natural and which flows directly through the center of the town. It is deep enough and wide enough to afford passage for long barges that carry anything from cotton to muskrat skins; and it is lengthy enough to enable a man to skim over its gently-flowing surface all the way from New York to the Gulf of Mexico. The townfolks point out this lengthiness as a source of civic pride. But its chief distinction is a power to prod action into heavy bones, for on it and around it there is always a hum of activity—boats going and coming, boats being repaired, boats being loaded. Who can look upon such a scene and then be influenced by the example of the lowly bayous?

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Many of the Houmans are trappers, a profession that they ply far from the environs of their fair city. The main duty of this avocation is to go down into the swamps and hunt muskrats. Of course, the man of the family is the head trapper; but that does not prevent him from taking along his whole family when he sallies forth. Sometimes he goes by car, over half-formed and slippery roads, only to see the roads close in behind him shortly after his passage as a result of floods and furious rains. At other times he goes by boat down the meandering and endless bayous. On reaching the appointed place he sets up his quarters on a piece of high ground and goes to work. For three or four months he labors diligently and may be fortunate enough to catch a sufficient haul of muskrats to provide for his financial needs during the rest of the year. When the floods subside, he, together with his family, returns to Houma and gets things in readiness for the next trip. Many of the trappers carry on their business in French, but in a French that is proper only to themselves. It is good French but filled with turns and twists that render it difficult to understand unless you have associated with the people for some time.

I look out of my window again and I see to one side of the house the towering structure of the parish church, and to the rear of the church the cemetery. I use the adjective towering as descriptive of the church advisedly. An usher told me that on one occasion 2400 women packed the pews and open spaces of this cathedral-like edifice, and that on an ordinary Sunday from 1300 to 1900 boys and girls attend the children's Mass. Of course only that which is most spacious will supply the needs of the 13,000 people who are members of the

parish. Nor is there any sign of a decrease in the parochial population in spite of the poison of planned parenthood propaganda that is polluting the air pretty much all over in our land of freedom. One family I know of has twenty-one children; another, (the family of a doctor) fifteen; and any number, ten, eleven and twelve. It is considered a privilege, not a burden, to fill the home with the laughter of many children in this eminently Christian community. And God has blessed the people for their faith. Father Maurice Schexnayder, the dynamic and brilliant pastor of the parish, has drawn plans for numerous projects of improvement which will call for the expenditure of tremendous sums of money. But he is not worried. If the faith of his faithful holds out in the acceptance of family obligations, it will surely hold out in the acceptance of financial obligations. People become selfish in refusing to support their church in proportion to their growth in selfishness in refusing to support the burden of God's natural law. And vice versa. Father Schexnayder has reason for not worrying about the future.

But the cemetery is the magnet that draws my attention, not because of a morbid interest I have in burial-places, but because of the uniqueness of this particular home of the dead. It stretches right up to the door of the sacristy, right up, one might say, to the feet of the Blessed Sacrament. The sun is shining on the white-washed tombs at the moment, and flowers of many kinds are bowing in the breeze before the dead in whose honor they were planted. Everyone buried here is placed above the ground in a sealed tomb. Some of the tombs are richly carved, just as one might find up north. But most of them are oblong cement boxes, such as one

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would never find up north. They say that burial in the ground is impossible in these regions because of the presence of water close to the surface of the soil. I like to believe that loved ones are buried above the ground because of the close affinity that is thereby established with those who are left behind. They seem awfully close to you as you kneel before their tomb. In fact, you feel that it would take nothing more elaborate than the sound of a cheap trumpet to rouse them from their sleep, to make them push open the door and come out to greet you. In the sealed tomb above the ground you catch sudden glimpses of the open tomb; and in a flash death loses much of its sting. Why, it won't be long, after all, until these doors *shall* be opened, and again you will have the happiness of hearing the voices of the ones you love. Surely these were the sentiments of the men and women of former years who constructed their tombs before they died to be sure of a resting place near their relatives and friends after they died. They wanted no dirt in the way of their resurrection. I read this inscription on one of the sealed doors the other day when I was visiting the dead:

ELIE NAPOLEON BABIN
decede le 2 Janv. 1881 a l'age de 67 ans
et sa femme SILVANIE BABIN
decede le 5 Juin 1898 a l'age de 70 ans

Tres cheres pere et mere
que nous aimions tant,
vous viola maintenant reposez
dans cette modeste tombe que
nous avons erige en votre memoire

Passants priez pour eux, ils furent
bon epoux et bonne epouse
et regrettes de tous ceux qui les ont connus

Dieu aura pitie de leurs aimes

The legend under the names means:

Dearest mother and father
who loved us so truly
you rest here now
in this modest tomb which
we have erected to your memory

Passersby, pray for them, they were
a good husband and a good wife
and are mourned by all who knew them.

May God have mercy on their souls

I was in the company of one, Mr. Richard, when I read this inscription. Mr. Richard is an old gentleman who for the past thirty years has been attending to the technicalities of showing the dead to their rooms to await the final summons. He said that at one time he felt obliged to resign from the Holy Name Society for a short time because the graveyard was not being run in the way he felt it should be run. It was a resignation of protest. I do not know whether or not he won his point, but I am inclined to believe that he did.

I take one last look out of my window—at the city of Houma, at the church, at the graveyard,—and then draw the blind against the sun that has begun of a sudden to pour into the room in punishing fury. On my table is the record of the parish history. I turn to the year 1848 and read through the chronicle of the pastor of that time, Father Z. Leveque who, it seems, was about to be appointed to another parish, and who in the document before me was giving his successor an account of the parish possessions. Father Leveque said:

"In the presbytery I have left for the use of the priest an armoire, the key to which is on the cornice, a bed slat, three mattresses, two wool blankets, two pair

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of sheets. In the cellar are two iron bars for the outside fireplace, four barrels of lime and another lent to the Germans, Berger and Braunn, which belong to the church. The ornament, chalice and other vestments for the church are at the home of M. Lurville Trahan, not far from the church. The good people, as well as the widow Gobert, can be of much service to the priest." In another place he said that "it is indispensable to avoid using the fists on the people in order to do good amongst them."

Father Leveque is gone now; and so are his trustees, Claiborne and Voltaire Thibodeaux, Alexandre Larette, Major Borlelau, Adolph Verret and Francois Gagne. But the parish goes on. And it shall continue to go on. And Houma, with its trappers and its oil people, with its excellent hospital and its staff of expert doctors, with its fine schools and numerous teachers, shall rise or fall with the church that towers over it all. I who am in Houma but who do not live in Houma hope that the church shall never fall.

For Bus-Riders Only

The drivers of public vehicles in our cities come in for more than their share of criticism and abuse for their alleged lack of courtesy and politeness. If you are in the habit of complaining about the poor bus-drivers, a Saginaw, Michigan, paper suggests that you submit to the following self-examination:

Do you always have your fare ready when you board the bus?

Do you ask the driver to count a handful of pennies while he is making a turn or in the thick of traffic?

Do you stand behind the driver and expect him to reach you a transfer or your change?

When carrying bulky packages do you recklessly swing through the bus, thus endangering the life and limbs of other passengers?

Do you engage in prolonged farewells with friends while standing with one foot in the bus doorway and one foot outside?

Do you insist on standing directly in the doorway or else blocking the rear view in the mirror when the bus is underway and there is plenty of room in the interior?

Do you allow Junior to play around with the fare box?

If in regard to one or more of these questions you must acknowledge guilt, it will help you to understand why bus-drivers seem at times just a little bit short of patience.

"Founding Fathers"

Some will be pleased with the fact, and others will find in it a source of annoyance, but a fact it is that at least 50 percent of the soldiers in the Revolutionary Army in the United States were of Irish birth. During the seven years of war which secured our independence as a nation the forces raised by the United States consisted of 288,000 men, of which 232,000 were continental soldiers and 56,000 militia. At the close of the war a Mr. Galloway, who had been Speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly, was examined before a committee of the House of Commons in England and asked for whatever information he could give on the racial proportions of the revolutionary army. Mr. Galloway answered as follows: "The names and places of their nativity being taken down, I can answer that question with precision. There were scarcely one-fourth natives of America; about one-half were Irish, and the other fourth principally Scotch and English."



For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. Miller

Problem: Some weeks ago we had a mission in our parish, and in one of his sermons the missionary said that preventing conception is always a mortal sin. My husband and I had never heard that from a pulpit before, and we feel that because we were ignorant of it so long and because we had planned our family in accord with our ignorance, we are not bound to give up our practice of contraception now. Other married couples agree with us. What do you say?

Solution: Considering, for the moment, only your past conduct and your plea of ignorance concerning it, I wonder whether your record would be accepted as free from guilt if God were to judge you now. I rather think you mean that you had never taken seriously the fact that the Catholic Church has always upheld the natural law in this regard and proclaimed that deliberate contraception is a serious sin. It is hard to see how you could escape some knowledge of the fact if you were not illiterate, isolated from all contact with the world, and totally neglected spiritually. If you were instructed before marriage on the duties of marriage, you heard it then. If you read any Catholic paper or magazine, you must have come across statements about it. If you read only daily newspapers, you must have seen references to the fact that the Catholic Church never compromises in the question of birth-control. If you saw any of the propaganda of the birth-controllers, you were made aware that they bitterly resent the universal Catholic teaching that birth-control is a sin. And even if you missed all these and many other opportunities of learning the truth, I think that if you look deep into your heart you will find that there was always uneasiness about the practice; that at least you had doubts which should have led to questioning a confessor and settling your conscience once and for all. Even honest and sincere non-Catholics admit to such doubts and uneasiness about the practice of contraception. Therefore be honest with yourself and do not say that ignorance surely excuses your past unless you can honestly say that you never heard or read the truth, never thought about it, never doubted about it at all. This is put strongly because some experts say that it is impossible for a person never to have a doubt about the morality of contraception, despite all the arguments and propaganda that the birth-controllers scatter over the world.

As for the future, there is no such thing as ignorance of the past releasing one from the obligation of a natural law of which he has just learned. This is a part of the ten commandments; we know that it is difficult, especially difficult for those who have evaded it for a long time. But it is also a part of the way of salvation, and salvation is worth every hardship and difficulty that one can endure.

Romance of the Nose

The author's heroine takes literally and seriously the miracles of romance that the advertisers offer through the nose.

L. G. Miller

"GOOD MORNING, Miss Arpeggio. My name is Chester Zulch, and I am here for the interview which you promised to give to *Romantic Interludes* magazine."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Zulch. Come right in. Give me your hat, and sit right down in that easy chair."

"My, what a cozy little penthouse you have here, Miss Arpeggio."

"Yes, I like it very much. I am resting here for a few weeks before beginning my next movie, which, as you well know, will be entitled 'Duel Beneath the Moon' and will undoubtedly be acclaimed as one of the greatest vehicles ever to come out of Hollywood."

"Yes, yes, I have heard rumors to that effect. But what *Romantic Interludes* would like to know is something about the romance between you and your husband, Clarkson Cloverleaf, the celebrated actor of the Broadway stage. Since your marriage last week, our readers have flooded us with letters asking for the inside story of how you captured the heart of Mr. Cloverleaf. By the way, your husband isn't with you at the moment, is he?"

"No, Clarkson had to fly to New York to open his new play. He left one hour after the ceremony in Las Vegas, and alas! our respective schedules won't allow us to be together until March, 1952."

"And, of course, every moment that you are apart seems a year, doesn't it?"

"Oh, but definitely. We are lost without each other."

"And now, Miss Arpeggio, will you

tell your public something about your courtship? What was the secret of your success?"

"Well, I will admit that my chief weapon in the conquest of Clarkson's heart was perfume."

"Perfume, did you say?"

"That's right, perfume. I made a careful study of the various kinds of perfumes, and planned my attack very carefully. It is not generally known, but there is a perfume to match every romantic situation, and all a girl has to do to win the man of her choice is to use her perfumes intelligently."

"Hm. Sounds interesting, Miss Arpeggio. Would you be averse to telling our millions of readers just what perfumes you found most effective?"

"Not at all. May I ask, do you understand French?"

"Not very well. Why?"

"Well, in order to understand perfumes, it is essential that you have some knowledge of French. All the best perfumes have French names. For instance, there's *Rhapsodie de Massenet*, *Toujours Moi* of the *Parfums Corday*, and then of course Houbigant's *Chantilly*, Coty's *L'Origan*, and *Arpege* and *Rumeur* distilled by Lanvin. I could go on indefinitely, but this will give you some idea."

"It sure does."

"Why doesn't *Romantic Interludes* sponsor a six-months course in the French language? Call it Introduction to the Intelligent Use of Perfumes."

"Say, that's a brilliant idea. Our millions of readers would go for some-

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thing like that. May we use your name in connection with the program?"

"You may, if you lay \$1,000 on the barrelhead."

"Yes, of course. We'll work out the details, and you will hear from us. But to get back to our subject. How did you map your campaign to win the heart of Clarkson Cloverleaf?"

"I started out very cautiously and slowly, so as not to awaken any suspicion on the part of my victim. On our first date, I chose *Dark Brilliance de Lenthéric*, well described as 'Languid splendor set to brilliance.'"

"Ah, you began by being languid?"

"Languid, with a touch of brilliance, too. My next move was to use *Heaven Sent*, the 'ethereal, sky bound fragrance captured by Helena Rubenstein.' This perfume offers a 'scintillating bouquet blend that lends enchanting innocence to the most worldly woman!'"

"And did it take effect?"

"Yes and no. It wasn't until I had recourse to *Parfume 20 Carats Dana* that I began to make progress."

"*Parfume 20 Carats Dana*, did you say?"

"Yes, that's the 'high fashion fragrance with the maddening rapacity of things so definitely, so elegantly French!'"

"Hm. Stands to reason Mr. Cloverleaf couldn't resist a perfume answering that description. What did you do next?"

"Well, I saw it was time for the next stage in the campaign. I wanted to appear exotic, so sought the help of Prince Matchabelli."

"Ah, yes, Prince Matchabelli. And what did he tell you?"

"He didn't tell me anything, you dope. There are a number of perfumes put out under his name, all of which evoke the mystic mood of Russia and

the hidden fragrance of the Far East."

"Such as —"

"Well, there's *Balalaika*, *Tzigani* and *Sirocco*. Don't ask me what the words mean, but they all evoke the mystic and mysterious melody of romance. Then there is *Crown Jewel*, personally brought to a stew by the Prince himself. An ounce of that will set you back \$25."

"That's a lot of cents to pay for a scent, eh? Ha, ha."

"Very funny, Chester. You kill me. But to continue with my story. During the week I was using these perfumes, I insisted on Clarkson's taking me to Russian restaurants, where we ordered nothing but caviar and vodka."

"You really created an atmosphere, didn't you. Did Clarkson go for it?"

"He fell like a wagon-load of bricks. He saw me in an entirely new light. When he sniffed my perfume, he was transported out of himself, if I may say so."

"You may say so, indeed. You have me all agog, Miss Arpeggio. Pray continue."

"Unfortunately, the caviar diet began to bother his ulcers, so I quickly switched over to *Mais Oui* which, according to its maker, is frankly flirtatious."

"And is it?"

"Well, natch. How could it be otherwise? I saw now that it was time to turn on my big guns, so I visited my perfumer and laid in a supply of heavy artillery."

"Heavy artillery?"

"Perfume to you, Chester. My first choice was *On Dit*, in the whispering vase."

"Whispering vase! Does it really whisper?"

"No, stupid, they just call it that. Anyway, they are saying such fabulous

things about this fragrance, born in Paris and celebrating its first fete-ful Christmas."

"They are, eh. I can well believe it."

"My next move was to spray myself liberally with *Chantilly* by Houbigant. This, as you well know, is a 'very special perfume for a very special person, a fragrance in the feminine mood, half sweet, half spicy, wholly intriguing.'"

"Most interesting, Miss Arpeggio. What followed?"

"Well, for the next week I mixed my pitches and resorted to a change of pace. One night I used *Sinner*, 'mischievous as a sidelong glance;' then I crossed him up by using *Saint*, 'to be loved and adored!' A little *Scandal*, a pinch of *Frenzy* and a dash of *Danger* followed. Finally one night I decided to shoot the works."

"I can hardly wait to hear. Proceed."

"I put the plug in my sink and filled it with a mixture of *Stolen Heaven*, *Gay Glitter* and *Bright Stars*, and let my hair soak in the concoction for ten minutes. I then dipped my handkerchief into a glassful of *Gemey Concentrate*, poured a vial of *Moment Supreme* over my mink coat, and went out to meet Clarkson with the light of battle in my eye."

"And what did he say when he saw you?"

"He didn't say anything. One whiff, and he fainted."

"Yes, yes, go on."

"I revived him with a bottle of *Rhapsodie de Massenet*, 'To fold his heart in my hand,' and while he was still groggy, I put a ring in his hand and he slipped it on my finger. That's all there was to it."

"Very good, Miss Arpeggio. Our millions of readers will be delighted. Is there anything further you would like to say?"

"Well, there's one more thing. All this happened on Christmas Eve. When Clarkson revived, his first thought naturally was to get me a Christmas present. He asked me what I would like to have."

"And what did you tell him?"

"I said: 'Just get me some perfume—a vial of *Joy de Jean Patou*, which is advertised as the costliest perfume in the world.'"

"And why did you pick out that variety?"

"Why, silly, I wanted Clarkson to understand clearly that he had to support me in the manner to which I had been accustomed."

Religion in the Revolution

In his *Autobiography*, Benjamin Franklin tells how he improved attendance at chapel services among the soldiers of the Revolutionary war:

"We had for our chaplain a zealous minister, Mr. Beatty, who complained to me that the men did not generally attend his prayers and exhortations. When they enlisted, they were promised besides pay and provisions, a gill of rum a day, which was punctually served out to them, half in the morning and the other half in the evening; and I observ'd they were as punctual in attending to receive it; upon which I said to Mr. Beatty, 'It is, perhaps, below the dignity of your profession to act as steward of the rum, but if you were to deal it out and only just after prayers, you would have them all about you.' He liked the tho't, undertook the office, and with the help of a few hands to measure out the liquor, executed it to satisfaction, and never were prayers more generally and punctually attended; so that I thought this method preferable to the punishment inflicted by some military laws for non-attendance on divine service."

BIBLICAL PROBLEMS (8)

On Reading the Bible

Question: What is the attitude of the Catholic Church toward the reading of the Bible? I often hear it said that the Catholic Church discourages or even prohibits the reading of the Bible on the part of her subjects.

Answer: The answer is that the Catholic Church not only allows the reading of the Bible but highly recommends it and strongly urges it. The present Holy Father has made ignorance of this fact inexcusable; in his encyclical of a few years ago he restated all that the last five Popes have said on this question, who in turn merely summed up the teaching of the Church from earliest times. On one of the front flyleaves of almost every Catholic Bible published the reader will find an earnest exhortation to Catholics to read it often.

The Bible itself is full of statements recommending the reading of God's word and meditation on it. St. Paul tells the Colossians: "Let the word of Christ dwell in you abundantly," and to the Romans he says: "Whatsoever things were written, were written for our instruction, that through patience and through the comfort of the Scriptures we may have hope." The passage written to Timothy (II Timothy, 3/15-16) is classical: "All Scripture, inspired of God, is profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice."

These and similar passages, too numerous to quote, inspired the unanimous teaching of all authorities of the first five centuries of the Christian era. Long and beautiful passages from the writings of the martyrs, confessors, virgins, doctors and Fathers of the Church could be adduced to show the eagerness of the Church to have the Bible read widely. The following are some of the reasons given:

1. The reading of the Bible will develop love of Christ. One of the first means of progress in the spiritual life and union with Christ is the reading of the Bible.
2. Love of God and love of the neighbor result from familiarity with the Word of God. Man learns from the Bible how much God is concerned about his neighbor, and is taught and inspired to look on his neighbor and act toward him as God does toward all men.
3. The reading of the Scriptures results in a deep joy of soul, a spiritual delight that pervades the whole personality of the reader. In fact, the word "Gospel" means "the glad tidings." St. John Chrysostom says that the Bible is more pleasant than a fair meadow, and St. Augustine says that the reading of Scripture begets a freshness of mind and disposition, a cheerfulness of soul and a joyous spirituality.
4. Power of leadership is another effect commonly attributed to the constant reading of the Bible. In the opinion of the Fathers of the Church, this quality necessarily follows from the thoughtful reading of the inspired writings.

These are only some of the reasons given by the great saints and teachers of early Christianity for constant attention to the Scriptures. They are no less cogently presented by the authorities of the Church in modern times.

Broadway Tackles Faith

The confusion of the modern mind about faith is brought into clear focus in a recent successful New York play. Here are the confusions, and the principles that clarify the subject.

T. W. Coyle

ONE of the plays that had a considerable run on Broadway in New York during the past year was "Joan of Lorraine." It was written by Maxwell Anderson, one of the masters of plot and dialogue. The acting of Ingrid Bergman in the role of St. Joan of Arc was hailed as magnificent by most of the critics. The unusual nature of the play caused it to be widely discussed. It is being discussed here because its central theme revealed a woeful confusion of thought on a very important subject.

The curtain rises on a stage set as it would appear at the beginning of a rehearsal. There is no scenery. A chair and a stool are arranged to indicate a fireplace. Two other chairs, standing back to back, represent a doorway. Actors and stagehands are milling about waiting for the rehearsal to begin. After making a few suggestions, the director turns and starts to climb over the footlights down into the body of the theatre. One of the actors stops him. "The other day you said if actors were going to be in a play they had to understand it . . . What's the central question of this play?" The director answers: ". . . the toughest question ever put to the human race. 'Why do you believe what you believe?' Remember it. It's in the second act . . . That's the question we all have to answer. And that's the big scene in anybody's life, when he has to answer that question."

Then begins the rehearsal of the first scene of a play about St. Joan of Arc. After the scene the director and the

leading lady (in love with each other) begin an argument about the interpretation of St. Joan in the play. "It's like a desecration of Joan," says the leading lady, "(to say) that we all have to compromise and work with evil men . . . and that if you have a faith it will come to nothing unless you get some forces of evil on your side." As the play goes on, the cast discusses, between scenes of the rehearsal, why a person believes, and what he should believe about using evil persons to accomplish good. The scenes of the rehearsal, interjected into the discussion, are supposed to present St. Joan's answer to these two questions.

What answer does the play give to the problem: "Why do you believe what you believe?" Just this: "No faith will bear critical inspection . . . Every faith looks ridiculous to those who do not have it . . . it is our destiny . . . to know that our faith cannot be proved and yet stick to it." Nevertheless, says the play, in spite of the fact that no sufficient answer can be given to the question of why we believe, we must continue to believe. As the leading lady puts it, "Joan means that the great things in this world are brought about by faith . . . that all the leaders who count are dreamers and people who see visions. The realists and common-sense people can never begin anything. They can only do what the visionaries plan for them. The scientists can never lead unless they happen to be dreamers, too." Furthermore, we all do believe, whether

we admit it or not, according to the play. When someone says, "But I don't have any faith," the answer is given, "Oh, yes you do. And you live by it. Everybody has a notion of what the world's like and what he's like in it . . . what you think about the world is your faith, and if you begin to doubt it you have to put something in its place quick or you'll fall apart. A man has to have a faith, and a culture has to have one, and an army. An army may move on its belly, but it wouldn't move at all if it didn't believe in something."

Other remarks could be quoted from the play to represent completely its doctrine. But the confusion only becomes greater as the play goes on, first of all, because the author confuses all sorts of things with faith, and secondly, because he starts with the assumption that there can be no explanation of faith. For people who believe intelligently, it is good to point out the weakness of thought in the play.

The major source of confusion is the fact that the author is unable to decide on what he means by "faith." Sometimes he uses the word for trust or confidence. Just as a friend may say to a friend, "I have faith in you," meaning confidence, so in the play the author uses the word "faith," which rightly represents an act of the mind, to represent "trust," which is an act of the will. Thus St. Joan is made to say: "It may be that the Dauphin has lost faith in himself and in the kingdom of France. I shall bring his faith back to him . . . I know very well that I am to die . . . but not before I bring hope back to France. Not until I've taught her how to win."

Again, at times the author confuses faith with opinion, which is merely a judgment made by a person who has not enough evidence to be certain that it is

correct. Thus a man may look up at a cloudy sky and say: "I believe that it is going to rain," merely meaning that there is some evidence of imminent rain but not enough for him to be certain about it. So too one of the characters in Mr. Anderson's play is using faith either in the sense of an opinion, or in the sense of trust, or perhaps in a little of both senses, when he says: "I believe in democracy, and I believe the theatre is the temple of democracy. A democratic society needs a church without a creed, where everybody is allowed to talk as long as he can hold an audience, and that's what the theatre is." Asked what he meant when he said that no faith will bear critical investigation, he replies: "Well, can I prove that democracy is better than dictatorship? Certainly not. I can't even prove that it's a good influence. I just have faith that it is . . . And every faith is like that . . . every faith looks ridiculous to those who don't have it."

There are other confusions evident throughout the play. The author seems to be unaware of the difference between an act of faith, by which a person may assert belief in some fact or truth in passing, and a creed, which is a collection of truths believed in. But the principal logical weakness of the whole play is in the never abandoned assumption that faith is inexplicable; it cannot be pinned down; it cannot and need not be reasonably probed and proved. How utterly and erroneous this assumption is can be seen from a simple analysis of faith in the proper meaning of the word.

Begin with an example. Two men are walking in Times Square, New York. They look up at the news-board on the side of the Times Building and read the latest bulletin. "A native uprising in India. One hundred British soldiers

killed." They *believe* the news-item, just as anyone would believe a factual statement in a morning paper. That means that on the basis of somebody's else's testimony they judge a certain fact which they did not see to be true. This is of course an act of the mind and is faith in the strict sense of the word.

Basically, this simple example provides the means of explaining why people believe and how they can prove the soundness of their belief. From it one can learn what is the difference between faith and knowledge and opinion, and what are the elements that make faith rational and sound.

Faith is not knowledge. In an act of knowledge, the mind makes a judgment based on full and complete evidence of the truth of a matter or the happening of an event. The two men on Times Square have no direct evidence of the uprising in India; they have seen no shooting and witnessed no dying. Only the reporters on the spot who witnessed these things have *knowledge* of the fact; those whom they tell about it can only *believe* it.

Neither is faith opinion. In the case of opinion, the evidence for a truth or a fact is incomplete or partial, and often there will be present some evidence that seems to contradict one's opinion. The two men on Times Square do not have an *opinion* about the revolution in India, because they do not have even partial direct evidence of the fact.

Faith means making a judgment, not on the basis of evidence, but on the basis of the reliability and trustworthiness of somebody else who has the evidence. The two men who read the Times news report believe it because they trust the reporters. The combination of reliability and trustworthiness in witnesses reporting events is called ex-

trinsic evidence, or evidence of credibility. It is also called authority.

The word *authority* here needs to be clearly understood. Ordinarily, authority means the power to command. Thus, when Catholics say that they believe something on the authority of God or the Church, many misunderstand the statement. They think that a Catholic believes simply because God or the Church has commanded him to, irrespective of the truthfulness of the statement. They imagine that he would have to believe that two plus two make five, or that white is black, if the Catholic Church commanded it. They fail to see that neither God nor His Church can command anyone to believe error. But because they misunderstand the meaning of authority as the basis for belief, they identify entry into the Catholic Church with intellectual suicide. It was in that spirit that someone wrote recently about Clare Booth Luce's entry into the Catholic Church: "Her embracing of the Catholic Church is not unremarkable considering her glittering mind, her dominant nature and her complete creativeness. All of these things she must now, as a woman, repress in her new faith." But is it intellectual suicide for a student in a mathematics class to accept answers to certain problems from his professor before working out the problems, and then to try to work out the problems to reach the correct answers? In the same way, the faith of Catholics gives them correct answers to many problems and still encourages them to use their minds to work out the problems.

But *authority*, as a basis of faith, does not mean the authority to command. The word is used in this connection as it is in calling Mr. Albert Einstein an authority on nuclear physics, or General MacArthur an authority

on strategy in war. Authority here means a knowledge of the matter in question and a truthfulness in expressing that knowledge.

The fact that faith in the strict sense is based on authority or credibility has important consequences. The first is that the act of faith can be made only under the influence of the will. The reason for this is simple. If a human being actually sees something, he is forced by his very nature to accept it as true. But in the case of faith, the object of the mind is not actually seen. Therefore the will must supply for the lack of the natural urge and must command the mind to make a judgment on the basis of some authority. For this reason no person will believe unless he wants to, and prejudice can completely bar the most reasonable belief from his mind. This much Mr. Anderson expresses well when he has St. Joan say at her trial: "Who chose your faith for you? Didn't you choose it? Don't you choose to keep it now? Yes, you did choose it. You choose to keep it. As I choose to keep mine. And, if I give my life for that choice, I know this too now: Every man gives his life for what he believes. . . . Sometimes people believe in little or nothing, nevertheless they give up their lives to be that little or nothing."

It is also a consequence of the nature of faith that it is obscure, i. e., the thing believed remains in the dark so far as direct knowledge is concerned. When Mr. Anderson has one of his characters say, "In all the articles of belief and creed not one is capable of proof," he is correct if he means that not one provides the mind with any direct evidence, but he is wrong if he means that no article of faith can be proved to be credible, i. e., proved to be based on unimpeachable authority. He admits the

validity of historical evidence in explaining his interpretation of Joan: "Joan's always been shown on the stage as a sort of Tom Paine in petticoats . . . Even Shaw follows that line, but it doesn't seem to be historically accurate. As far as the evidence goes she was a modest and unassuming village girl who never would have raised her voice anywhere if she hadn't been convinced she was carrying out God's orders." What is historical evidence but the authority of human beings, of historians? It is strange then, that he makes such sweeping statements about the impossibility of anyone's having any rational ground at all for his beliefs.

The real issue, therefore, in justifying any act of faith is the necessity of justifying the judgment of credibility. Take the example of faith in God or in His Church. To establish such faith as reasonable, a person must establish God's knowledge, His truthfulness, and the fact that He has testified to certain things that are to be believed. Anyone who knows what God is, realizes that He knows all things and that He must speak truthfully in expressing His knowledge. Thus he admits God's authority. The crux of the problem is to establish the fact that God has spoken, and especially, when He has not spoken directly to the believer, that He has done so through someone else. The Catholic believes that God has spoken to him through Christ and His Church. How does the Catholic establish the fact that God has spoken to him through these messengers?

In some of the minor incidents of his play, Mr. Anderson gives the answer to this question, though he proves to be unable to apply it to a solution of the general problem of faith. In one scene the character Chartier tells Joan that he has been sent by the Dauphin

to smuggle her into the city by a back entrance. Joan says: "If you speak for the Dauphin, you must have a sign." Chartier offers her a paper and says: "This is his seal." Later in the play, Dunois tells one of the soldiers to carry a message to the gate-keeper of the city, rescinding a command he had previously given, and telling the captains to carry out an assault. The soldier replies: "Give me your seal," thus demanding proof that the message truly came from Dunois. In these incidents the faith that is asked of individuals is made very reasonable; it demands a seal or a sign. It is so with every act of faith ever asked of a reasonable man, even on the part of God.

Any message that claims to be from God must bear His signature, His sign, or else it is worthless. There are many reasons that help people to accept the message of Christ as the word of God, but only two unmistakable signs and proofs that it is the word of God. Some accept it because they think that it contains the answer to all the modern world's social problems. Others find a mark of truth in it because it brings peace to their soul. Others still are attracted to the ritual of the Catholic Church and find that this makes it easy for them to believe in Christ. And there are some who recognize the sublimity and holiness of the Gospel teaching, and its fruitfulness in producing good, and are thereby encouraged to embrace it for themselves. While any or all of these motives may be contributing factors in making faith in Christ reasonable, they are not so clinching that all danger of illusion is absent from them.

But there are two signs by which a message can be unmistakably recognized

as coming from God. These two signs are *miracles* and *prophecies* that accompany the message and are wrought in testimony of its truth. A prophecy is a certain prediction of a future event that cannot be known from any natural source. Events of this kind can be known only by God or by one to whom God gives the knowledge. If God gives a message to men that is sealed by fulfilled prophecies, then the message has the unmistakable mark or signature of God. A miracle is an effect produced outside all the certain laws of created nature. Such exceptions can be brought about only by a special intervention of God, because He alone can suspend His laws. If miracles accompany a message given by God, then His seal and sign are upon that message and men have a perfect, indubitable reason for believing it.

That innumerable and astounding miracles and fulfilled prophecies have accompanied the messages of God to men through Christ and His Church is a matter of history. The record is clear for all to read. That is why it is so strange to hear, in a play written by an intelligent and educated author, the characters making statements like those quoted above: "No faith will bear critical inspection. . . . Every faith looks ridiculous to those who do not have it . . . it is our destiny to know that our faith cannot be proved and yet stick to it." Faith does bear critical inspection, for faith is indeed ridiculous, not only for those who do not have it, but even for those who do have it, if it is not signed and sealed with unmistakable proof of the "authority" of him who asks to be believed.

There is no light, nor is there any wholesomeness in the world except Christ and what is of Christ.

Fr. Leen.



Three Minute Instruction

EDUCATION AT HOME

It is a well-known principle of Catholic teaching that the first right and responsibility of educating children rests on the parents and must be exercised in the home. Sometimes the question is asked: "Since the school does so much in the way of educating children, what is left for the home to do?" The answer is that the school can do little or nothing for a child unless the following things are done in the home.

1. There must be conscious realization on the part of parents that the example of their lives is the first exercise of their obligation of educating their children. If they are quarrelsome, profane, immoral in speech, irreligious and pagan in word and deed, they are forming their children's characters in the same mold. If they are kind, self-sacrificing, religious, prayerful, and morally upright, they are laying the foundations of a solid education for their children.

2. There must be positive exercise of their teaching authority in the matter of implanting in their children's minds the basic elements of religious truth. The parents should personally teach, as soon as their child can grasp it even partially, the first lesson of the catechism: "Who made me?" "Why did God make me?" etc.; the facts of the fall and the redemption; and the stories of Jesus and Mary.

3. The parents are responsible for directly teaching their children what is right and wrong and for giving them the proper religious motives for doing what is right and avoiding what is wrong. It is from parents that children should first learn that swearing and lying and stealing and disobedience and anger and revenge are wrong. It is from parents that they should learn that these things are wrong primarily because they offend God and must be punished by Him.

Over and above these things, there are many others that parents may teach their children. But these are the essentials. A child is severely and sometimes hopelessly handicapped if it starts out in the best school in the land without having been taught such things by its mother and father.

Test of Courage

The courage of a mother who decided to become a saint.

H. J. O'Connell

HEROISM often blossoms in very unlikely places. Certainly no one glancing into the parlor of Monsieur Frémoyt, President of the Parliament of Dijon, would have considered it a likely setting for deeds of courage. There was nothing that one usually associates with valor: no clang of weapons, no stirring notes of martial music, no tread of marching feet. Only an old man, his widowed daughter, her three young children, and a few friends were present in the house. Yet, in that simple setting, no different outwardly than many another family gathering in the same town, on March 29, 1610, one of the noblest victories this world has ever known was won.

In the character of Jane Frances Frémoyt de Chantal one quality stands out above all others, and that is courage. St. Francis de Sales said of her: "I have found in Dijon what Solomon could not find in Jerusalem—the valiant woman, in Madame de Chantal. She is a great soul with courage for holy undertakings beyond her sex." The truth of this estimate is borne out in every detail of her heroic life.

Even at the age of five, she showed traces of a determined will and an uncompromising attitude towards evil. One day, she was playing in her father's study while an animated conversation was going on between her father, a devout Catholic, and a certain Protestant nobleman. The man, in the course of the discussion, declared that what he liked most in the new religion was its denial of the Real Presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. That

was too much for little Jane, who was taking in all that was said. Leaving off her play, with flashing eyes she stood before the man, and said indignantly: "My Lord, you must believe that Jesus Christ is in the Blessed Sacrament, because He has said it. If you do not believe, you make Him a liar." Embarrassed by her vehemence, and wishing to put an end to the conversation, the nobleman offered her some sugar plums. Jane took them in her apron, without touching one of them, ran to the fire, and threw them in, saying: "See, my Lord, how heretics will burn in the fire of Hell, because they do not believe what Jesus Christ has said."

In her youth, she gave evidence of the same firmness of character. When she had reached marriageable age, her beauty and virtue attracted numerous suitors. One young man, above all the others, tried to win her. He was secretly a Huguenot; but for her sake, feigned to be a devout Catholic. Deceived by the pretence, and attracted by the man's rank and distinguished appearance, even some of Jane's own family tried to persuade her to accept him. However, she was not taken in by the deception, and as a loyal daughter of the Church, replied to their entreaties: "I would rather die a thousand deaths, one after the other, than see myself united in marriage to an enemy of God's Church."

At the age of twenty, she was given in marriage to the Baron de Chantal, a young man of illustrious family, as well as of great personal courage and

charm. The story of their brief married life reads like the pages of a romantic novel. Jane accepted her young husband from her father, as from God's Hand, gave him at once her heart, and vowed him a love full of respect and devotedness. He returned her an affection that nothing could weaken. So evident was their love, that one of their friends declared: "They were looked upon as forming but one soul in two bodies." During the Baron's absence on the military skirmishes which marked the almost continual civil war of the period, all her thoughts and prayers were centered on his safe return. At such times she lived in retirement at their castle of Bourbilly, neither entertaining nor going out to visit. When it was remarked how simply she dressed, she answered: "The eyes that I should please are a hundred leagues from here. It is useless for me to adorn myself." Their union was blessed with six children in the short eight years it lasted. The first two babies died soon after birth; but four others lived, the eldest a boy, followed by three sisters.

In the care of her young children, the management of her husband's estate, which devolved upon her in his absence, and in the numerous devotions to which she bound herself, Madame de Chantal found every moment of her time well occupied. Hers was the life of a tranquil and contented wife and mother. Nor did she look forward to any other work in life than continuing the tasks of love which her position imposed upon her. However, God's Providence had other designs. One by one He demanded the sacrifice of all the things she loved in order to temper her generous soul, like finest steel, for the great work to which He had destined her.

The first awful blow was the death of her husband, just eight years after

their marriage, as the result of an accidental gun-shot wound, received while hunting with a friend. Madame de Chantal was still confined to bed after the birth of her youngest child, when the news of the accident was brought to her. Swiftly she arose and hastened to his side. "Dearest," he greeted her, "the decree of Heaven is just. I must love it and die." "No, no," she cried out, "we must cure you!" Between hope and fear, she watched the doctors as they dressed the wound, saying to them as if nothing could resist her love: "Gentlemen, you must cure Monsieur de Chantal." At times, overcome with grief, she ran sobbing through the castle, praying aloud: "Lord, take all that I have in the world, but leave me my dear husband!" Nevertheless, all love and care were in vain. After nine days, with a prayer of forgiveness for the one who had killed him on his lips, Jane's husband died. She was left a widow at the age of twenty three, with four small children to care for.

Even after this terrible trial, God did not yet esteem her soul ready in virtue and courage for her great work. She was called upon to suffer another and continuous trial. Her father-in-law, the old Baron de Chantal, wrote that he was growing old, and that he wished her to come and take up her abode with him at Monthelon. The old Baron was not without his good qualities; but he allowed them to be marred by vanity and violence of temper. Age had done nothing to soften this temper. His continual outbursts of rage, when his whims were crossed, made life miserable for all around him. This was the man with whom the high-spirited Jane de Chantal was to make her home. To add to the difficulty of the situation, the Baron had fallen under the sway of a servant woman, who domineered over

everyone and everything in the castle. The household was in disorder, the wealth of the estate being squandered. When Jane Frances tried to remonstrate, the Baron sided with the servant, and flew into one of his violent rages. There was nothing for Jane to do but remain silent. Emboldened by her triumph, the servant woman now cast off all restraint and became openly insolent. She became so dictatorial, and watched so closely over everything, that the daughter-in-law dared not even give a glass of wine to a messenger without her direction. For seven years this purgatory endured. It was God's way of training her strong will to humility and obedience. Through all these years, Jane suffered in silence, telling not even her father of the cross she had to bear. She carried her heroism so far as to care for the woman's children as her own, teaching them their lessons, combing their hair, and dressing them with her own hands. Nor did she keep bitterness in her heart. For, when one day some persons, not entirely in jest, said that when the old Baron died, they would cut off the old woman's nose and throw her in the castle moat, Jane replied: "Oh, no! I shall protect her. If God makes use of her to impose a cross on me, why should I wish her ill?"

When at last the sword was forged to suit His Will, God began to indicate what use He would make of it. Madame de Chantal came under the influence of St. Francis de Sales, the holy bishop of Geneva. He became director of her conscience, and wisely and prudently guided her in the path of virtue. Under God's inspiration, there awakened in her soul the desire of entering the religious life. St. Francis was at the time contemplating the founding of an order of women, where those whose health could not bear the austerities of the stricter

orders might serve God in the spirit of love and liberty of heart. He saw in Jane Frances de Chantal the valiant woman needed for the cornerstone of the new order. However, nothing was done in haste. For several years the project was considered. Advice was asked from prudent and experienced men. Fervent prayers were offered to God. Finally the decision was made. It was clearly God's Will that Madame de Chantal should enter the new Order of the Visitation.

However, one great difficulty remained. She still had the responsibility of her young children. How could she leave them? This truly formidable obstacle had almost persuaded Francis de Sales to postpone the beginning of the order for several years. Nevertheless, God, Who directs all things as He wills, in His own good time removed the obstacles one by one. Her eldest daughter was given in marriage to the brother of Francis de Sales. Her son was at the age when he would soon have to leave her to begin his career at court or in the army, and in the meantime could be safely entrusted to his grandfather. The youngest girl was suddenly taken by death, and the one remaining girl would go with her to the convent. No further obstacle remained, except to gain the consent of her father and her father-in-law. This by her firmness and tenacity she obtained.

One last terrible trial stood between her and her goal, and that was the bitter battle in her own soul. As the moment of separation from her children drew near, her human heart rebelled against the sacrifice. Doubts, temptations, fears assailed her. Only her firm faith and resolute will, aided by the grace of God, enabled her to win the victory over herself. "O God," she often said later, "what a frightful at-

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tack it was! I used no other remedy than to take the crucifix in my hands, and say to myself: 'Daughter of little faith, what dost thou fear? What dost thou dread?' Thou art walking upon winds and waves; but it is with Jesus Christ."

The final day dawned, March 29, 1610. Her family and friends assembled for the last farewell. In the midst of tears, and with a breaking heart, she went from one to another, bidding them good-bye. When she came to her children, it was almost too much for her mother-heart. Her son put his arms around her neck, begging her with sobs not to leave them. She spoke to him lovingly, gently explaining why she must go. At last, exhausted by tenderness, she removed his arms from her neck, and tried to pass. At this moment, her son threw himself down across the

door of the room, exclaiming: "Mother, if I cannot detain you, you shall at least pass over the body of your son!" Her face pale with grief, and her eyes wet with tears, she paused, looking down on him. A priest who was present, fearing her courage would fail, said to her: "What, Madam, can the tears of a child shake your resolution?" "No," she answered, "but what can I do? I am a mother." *Then, raising her eyes towards Heaven, like Abraham of old, she stepped over her son's body.*

The same grand courage that marked every step of her life, and enabled her to rise to one of the greatest sacrifices ever asked of a mother's heart, went on through the succeeding years to make of her a Saint of God, foundress of the Visitation Order, and spiritual mother of countless children of Christ in every age and clime.

Crashed the Gate?

Father Brockmeier in his witty column in the *Western Catholic* tells the story of what happened at the funeral of a certain woman who during her life had constantly quarreled with everyone, henpecked her husband, and had been regarded by all as a genuine battle-ax.

But now that she was dead, people were willing to forgive and forget, and a crowded church listened to the minister as he droned his eulogy of the departed.

The sky grew darker and darker, and just as the service ended, a storm broke. There was a flash of lightning, followed by a crash of thunder.

All was silent in the church, and then from the front row came the voice of the widower: "Well, she got there!"

Why Diogenes Quit

He met an ex-soldier who confessed he had only been a private.

He met a politician who admitted he had made a mistake.

He met a defeated political candidate who did not blame his defeat on the perfidy and trickery of the other party.

He met a man who had been fishing and said he hadn't even gotten a bite.

He met a husband and wife both of whom said they had been wrong at the end of an argument.

He met a man telling some personal reminiscences in which he himself was not the hero.

He met an editor who did not blame the printer or proofreader for a mistake in his paper.

Having met all these honest people, Diogenes blew out his lantern and went home, being so old by this time that he could hardly walk.

—*The Colony.*

The Grapes of Divorce

An indifferent playlet, with what the critics call "a message".
The message is for those who make vows in June.

F. M. Lee

(GORGEOUS, really super, drawing room doors open and Daphne Van der Violin III enters. Her head is thrown back in a delicious peal of throaty laughter, while a lovely and bejewelled white hand rests at the base of her swan neck. She is strictly from Hoyle. Also, she is followed into the room by one Shirleen Kareen Darleen Tefnitch XXII).

Daphne: But darling, of course, you must divorce him. Where did you get those dark age qualms of conscience?

Shirleen: I know, darling, but do you really think thirty-seven and a half days are enough? Have I really given Bozworth the chance he deserves? I am distraught.

(Mixes and nigh onto drains a Thomas Collins.)

Daphne: (after a few moments of thought . . . anyway, some time later.) Honey, I hope I am not being ultra in saying that a woman enters marriage for her own purposes, whatever they may be. If your marriage had fulfilled your own purposes, you would not be here at Villa Violin today. At least, not discussing your Bozworth this way. Darling, you owe it to yourself to chuck him.

(I forgot to mention that all this time there is a really stupid looking gent reclining on the horse-hair. He is my stooge. All during the play he will be ignored like this. He has a special kind of blanket wrapped around him, and it makes him invisible to everybody on the stage. Also, they cannot hear him. The stage-hands should be complimented for

this piece of business. It wasn't easy. Anyway, his name is Garvey. Let's say that he is either a rich uncle, or just some guy who came for dinner one night and stayed. Let's get on with the play.)

Garvey (the stooge): But who is she going to, to give her a divorce. God says it can't be done, and don't tell me the civil courts have more power than He. Perhaps the night edition carried it.

Shirleen: (Now watch how they ignore Garvey. It's just like I told you.) Well, there will be no children, thank heavens.

Garvey: (ever the stooge) She means thank hell; kids rate in heaven.

Daphne: More dark ages, dearie. After all, I had my Chad and Dianne in my second marriage, and I've been down the aisle twice since then. Divorces never affect a child.

Garvey: Just watch how the play turns out, and remember what this joker said.

Shirleen: (Shaking her head a wee bit after the third Collins;) And another thing, Daph, and do spare me the 'dark age' rebuttal on this one,—How could you stand at an altar and tell man after man that you were his till death did you part?

I told Bozzie that once, and I happened to mean it. Your other three partners 'till death' are still living. Who is this death? The divorce court judge?

Garvey: Oh, what she said!

Daphne: Honey, you must be drunk to talk like that.

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Shirleen: And honey, you must be an awful hypocrite to talk like that — "till death do us part" — death with specs and a gavel. Huh!

Garvey: I'm going to stay! (*Hums—* "Put my money on the bob-tail nag; somebody bet on the bay.")

(*Enter Chad, the son of Daphne. In general, he is bored to tears with life and stuff. Life and stuff are equally bored with Chad. Ed. note.*)

Chad: I heard the clash of swords. If you girls will wait a minute, I can get you a few seconds.

Garvey: (*slouching*) Well, folks, that's Chad. And, using the word lightly, that's Chad's humor.

Daphne: Chad, hon, help me. You had a course on marriage in college, didn't you?

Chad: Nothing like the one you got outside college, Daph, old dear.

Garvey: (*unslouching*) Give the lad a cigar. And do note the deep abiding respect for his mother.

Shirleen: Come, Chad, what do the books say about divorce and remarriage?

Chad: Well, the opinion that I found rather amusing, if decidedly embarrassing for myself, was one the professor just mentioned in passing. The Roman Catholics started it. According to them, Dianne and I are illegitimate, if mother really did not mean that line about 'till death do us part' when she stood at the altar.

Shirleen: (*to Daph*) Can I mix you a drink, dearie? You look faint.

Garvey: (*Rises superbly, comes to the front-center of the stage, and casts the blanket from him. Young Chad and his Ma and the Tefnitch ensemble border on collapse.*)

"Mix her a keg! and listen, no church ever started that opinion, you darn fools. It's as old as human nature. It's as old as lovers' dreams. It's as old as the word, forever. Why, it's as old as a woman's fearful need of knowing that she shall be secure in bringing children into the world; her need of knowing that someone shall protect her and cherish her and never leave her as she gives up the years and beauty of her youth for his children. As she walks down the aisle, her body and soul just cry out that this marriage must be unto the death, until the very end. Nay, 'tis as old as the sight of a young baby, lying helplessly in a crib, mutely telling all the college professors and divorcees that he simply has to have a mother and a bread-winning father for at least sixteen more years. Human beings do not create and fashion marriage according to their whims; marriage is an institution waiting for those who wish to enter into it, but those who do want it have to take it, —lock, stock, and barrel,—as it exists with all its laws, and its great by-law is 'forever'! No church had to recite these lines. Everything in our human nature simply shouts that marriage must be until death; the very laws of our body and soul cry out for this fellow-law. And this, then, be your law—Thou shalt marry until the death, or the God who watches your love shall call it sin! Thou shalt marry forever, or the children of your love shall bear no name in the sight of their God!

(*There is no more. Garvey was right. All this was settled long before this indifferent play was written. It was settled on the day that God said: "Let us make man."*)

Definition of an egotist: A man who tells you those things about himself which you intended to tell him about yourself.

Christ and Caiphas

The character of the God-Man under trial, and before false witnesses.

R. J. Miller

BEFORE Annas and Caiphas, the Human Being was a prisoner in chains; but the manner in which He confounded them both with effortless ease and completeness left Him rather the striking Master of the scene and situation.

He confounded them both with a kind of divine defiance. But there is a difference in His way of doing so in each case,—a difference of "technique" as we observers of the twentieth century would say. His technique for the arrogant Annas, who set out to cow Him, put Him on the defensive, and frighten Him into damaging confessions by hurling threatening questions at Him about "His disciples and His doctrine," was to hurl the questions right back with hammer blows of straightforwardness and truth: "Why ask Me? Ask those who listened to Me. They know what I said!" And there was a very special "hammer blow" in that "ask those who listened to Me." Annas had had his spies out day after day, taking down every word Our Lord uttered. "Ask those who listened to Me" was a revelation from Christ that He knew the full extent of Annas' hypocrisy, and a scornful contempt and defiance for the old politician's cheap tactic of intimidation. No wonder Annas himself was struck silent, the intimidator intimidated; and the only salvation of the situation for the prosecution was a dumb and brutal recourse to force: an ignorant servant had to draw back and give Our divine Lord a blow in the face. And even here they were confounded. Our Lord's reply to the blow revealed such perfect

self-control, and such complete realization on His part of the sorry plight of Annas' case against Him,—*"if I have answered wrong, prove it was wrong; but if right, why strike Me?"*—that His mastery of the scene became still more obvious. So they bundled Him off to Caiphas, hoping that the high priest and the great council would be able to do a better job of making Him lose His calm dignity, of putting Him in a false and difficult position, in short, of making Him look guilty, than they had been able to do.

They probably knew in their hearts the hope was vain. The Human Being would be no more entangled in the specious legalities of Caiphas than He had been intimidated by the high-handed "first degree" of Annas. He simply varied His technique to meet the situation. Where He had replied with crushing directness and penetration to silence the blustering and devious Annas, He now with divine indifference (so it seemed) allowed the false witnesses of Caiphas to charge and blabber, never saying a word while the whole case grew more and more hopelessly muddled in a maze of contradictions; watching while out of the muddle the high priest Caiphas rose in desperation and asked a question; then, in a lightning flash of genius, seizing on that question, isolating and holding it up, as it were, as the one and only thing that mattered in the entire proceeding, and giving His deliberate, unmistakable, majestic, and divinely defiant reply.

It was, in fact, the one question that

did matter in His whole life. *Art Thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed God?*

It had been the supreme question for Satan at the very outset of the Human Being's public life: "If Thou be the Son of God . . ."

It had been the question for Peter, the Rock, and the Twelve: "Whom do you say that I am?" "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God!"

It had been, and was, the question for the rulers of the Jewish people, though they tried to keep it out of sight, lest their pride would have to bow down before this unknown Prophet from Galilee. But it would not remain hidden; they had to face it, do what they would. "If these would remain silent," said Our Lord when the children on Palm Sunday were crying: "Hosanna to the son of David," and the Pharisees were urging Him to do something to silence this scandalous misbehaviour, "If these were to remain silent, *the very stones would cry out!*" Time and again He had called on them to accept the testimony of their senses. "The works that I do, they give testimony of Me." "If you will not believe Me, believe the works!" "You know Me, and you know whence I am." "If you were blind, you should not have sin; but now you say: we see. Your sin remaineth!"

But no, they would not in their pride allow themselves to face the issue. They would not honestly answer the question as they knew it had to be answered. All kinds of pretexts, half-truths, excuses, were allowed or called to stand in the way of generous, humble submission. "Is not this Jesus, the Son of Joseph, Whose mother and father we know? How then saith He: 'I came down from Heaven?'" "Search the Scriptures, and see that out of Galilee a prophet riseth not!" "Hath any one

of the rulers believed in Him, or of the Pharisees?"

But in the end, they had to answer it anyhow. In words or in deeds, they were forced by some kind of inexorable sequence of events to bear witness to the truth. "We have no king but Caesar;" "We will not have this Man to reign over us;" "His blood be upon us and upon our children;" and it has come upon their children, a mysterious curse that follows them to the ends of the earth and to the end of time; an indelible brand that bears witness for the world to see that they did finally face and answer the question; and what it has cost them to have answered it wrongly.

But back to Caiphas and Our Lord's technique in confounding him and his legal arrangements for a neat "trial and condemnation."

The attitude of Caiphas' court, in fact, calls to mind the story told of Oliver Cromwell, that when he captured any of his enemies, at least among the more prominent, he would write in his diary or his letters: "This day took so and so a prisoner; sent him up to London to be tried and hung."

"To be tried—and hung!" We marvel at the hypocrisy that could call for a trial when it had already fixed the doom. But that was exactly the kind of court Our Lord faced that midnight in Caiphas' hall. "And the chief priests and all the council sought for evidence against Jesus, *that they might put Him to death!*"

No doubt they had spent money freely for this "evidence," as they had done to buy the treason of Judas, and as they would do later in their attempt to conceal the resurrection of the Human Being by bribing the soldiers who stood guard at His grave to the extraordinary feat of telling what had hap-

pened while they were asleep: "*While we were asleep, His disciples came and stole His Body!*"

In any case, Our Lord found Himself confronted by "many" witnesses before Caiaphas, as both St. Matthew and St. Mark declare, many, and "false." No doubt when the troop of soldiers and guards left the city to arrest Him in the Garden, messengers had been despatched from the sacred precincts of the Temple compound or the high priest's house to the dives and dens of the Jerusalem underworld to round up these star witnesses against the Human Being; and they were waiting for Him at His arraignment in the high priest's hall.

What was the "evidence" they had to offer? Except for one instance, the Evangelists are silent as to details. All they tell us is that the evidence was false, contradictory, and inconclusive.

But if the "many" were heard, there must have been a good deal of it,—or at least there must have been a great many "words, words, words." And it is not difficult to surmise just what was the line taken by most of them; in all probability it followed the line of the objections the Jews had been raising to the Human Being's teaching all through His public life, all the "traps" they had tried to lay for Him in His speech. And beyond a doubt too, these perjured witnesses were not too particular as to the exactness with which they reported the words or deeds of Our Lord. The one definite instance given by the Evangelists, for instance, shows them as testifying that Our Lord had said: "I will destroy this temple . . ." whereas as a matter of fact, He had actually said to the Jews: "Destroy this temple, and I will raise it up."

We shall not be far wrong, then, if we picture the procession of false wit-

nesses, swearing their false oaths, to have presented some such scene as the following.

One gets up and, "being duly sworn" by a solemn faced hypocrite of an official, proceeds to depose: "He is a sinner because He ate with sinners and received them, and He said that the harlots and publicans would go into the Kingdom of God before the priests and leaders of the people." A little cross questioning, and he steps down, and another is pushed forward out of the sleepy crowd of underworld characters. "The Man is a blasphemer because He said He never committed a sin, and dared them to prove that He ever did." Questioning of this witness no doubt caused him to become more insistent than ever on his contradiction of the first witness as to the sinfulness or the sinlessness of the Prisoner at the bar, and the next witness was called.

"He is a pacifist, because He forbade His followers even to defend themselves against a robber, but to turn the other cheek;" but then the next witness probably swore that: "He is a warmonger because He said: 'Do not think I came to bring peace, I came not to bring peace, but a sword; there shall be wars and rumors of wars.'"

"He forbade people to go to work and make an honest living, for He said: 'Consider the lilies of the field; seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice' . . ." "He forbade people to have trust in God, for He told a parable about wise and foolish virgins, and the ones who did not provide for the future were the foolish virgins, who were cast into the exterior darkness."

"He said He was greater than Abraham, Moses, Solomon . . ." "He said He was meek and humble of heart."

"He created a commotion in the temple by driving out the money changers,

and forbidding people to bring money to the temple . . ." "He said a poor widow who put her mite into the collection baskets in the temple was worthy of all praise, more than anyone else."

"He would not let His disciples wash their hands before eating, as the law prescribes . . ." "He blamed Simon the Pharisee for not washing His feet before a banquet."

"He broke the law of Moses . . ." "He said not one jot or tittle of the law could be broken." "He said He was going to be killed by the leaders of the people . . ." "He said He would never die, that He was the resurrection and the life, that He would come on the clouds of Heaven to judge the living and the dead."

And no doubt much more of the same. "He called the sacred temple a 'den of thieves';" "No, he drove out the money changers and said they were making it a 'den of thieves'." "He forbade giving tribute to Caesar;" "No, He *ordered* the people to give tribute to Caesar;" "He blasphemed by saying that the love of God was not the first and the greatest commandment;" "No, He said it was the first commandment, but that the love of Samaritans was as important as the love of God."

But Jesus held His peace.

It was the perfect attitude — calm, detached, majestic contempt for the perjured mob — as He watched the case against Him go crumbling down in ridiculous trifles and contradictions, to the humiliating confusion of His enemies.

No wonder the high priest, watching Him, at length became infuriated. Leaving the great central throne in the council hall, he dashed down to stand squarely before Him and demand: "Have you no answer for all these charges against You?"

What a confession of impotence and failure! What answer was necessary, when the senseless contradictions answered themselves?

So Jesus thought too; for St. Mark says: *But He held His peace and said nothing.*

It was the last straw for Caiphas; he was fairly desperate. They had the Man in their hands now, it was impossible that they should let Him escape. But what could they do? What question would bring the case to a head, save it, put it on solid ground? Ah yes; there was that one question which they had all thought of, but which it had been decided must not be made too prominent. Yet, what could be done in this desperate situation? It simply had to be asked, that was all. So Caiphas cried out: "I adjure Thee by the living God that Thou tell us if Thou be the Christ the Son of God."

And now, Jesus no longer "held His peace." The momentous instant of history had come; the issue that was to decide the fate of the Human Being and of the human race was now in the Human Being's hands. What was His reply? What position would the Son of Man take when He was solemnly asked to declare on oath if He was the Son of God?

"Thou hast said it . . ."

But to be able to appreciate the rock-bottom reality and certainty of Our Lord's reply, and to make sure this momentous statement is not shrouded in the mists of archaic language (which it surely was not in the hearing of the chief priests that night in the council hall), let us put it not in archaic, but in living English, as the Human Being Himself would say it if He were asked in an unbelieving American city today: "Are You the Son of God?"

"Exactly. And I will tell you more.

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You are going to see the Human Being again, seated beside God Almighty and coming through the clouds!"

This was divine defiance indeed, and a warning that should have sent a chill through their unbelieving hearts. But those hearts were too hard even for divine calls and warnings. Intent only on revenge and the satisfaction of diabolical hatred, the high priest seized his garment at the throat, and fiercely tore it open down the front (the ancient Jewish sign — to "lay bare one's breast" in sorrow or any great painful emotion), screaming out as he did so the fearful words: "*He hath blasphemed!*" Blasphemy was the crime of crimes among the Jews; the implications of this charge from the high priest himself were unmistakable. He knew it as he turned to the rows of judges,—about seventy of them in the great council, seated in three tiers—and appealed to them in

the same wild passion: "What need is there of any more witnesses? You yourselves—you heard the blasphemy yourselves! What is your verdict?" And in reply, beginning in a murmur and swelling to a roar, the awful chant: "*He deserves death!*"

Our Lord was silent again; and it must have stung the entire high court into a kind of mystic diabolical fury; for the Evangelists declare that they all began spitting in His face, buffeting and slapping Him.

Evidently the "buffeting" meant striking with the closed fist, and slapping, with the open hand. And there we shall leave the Human Being for now; marveling as we do so at the incomprehensible spectacle of God Almighty, the God of thunder and storm, of hell and sudden death, Who when they spit in His face and buffet Him, is silent.

Prayer of the Man of Peace

The following beautiful prayer was recorded in a collection of noble sayings compiled by Eusebius, bishop of Caesaria, about 325 A.D. Its author is unknown.

May I be no man's enemy, and may I be the friend of that which is eternal and abides.

May I never quarrel with those nearest to me; and if I do, may I be reconciled quickly.

May I never devise evil against any man; if any devise evil against me, may I escape uninjured and without the need of hurting him.

May I love, seek and attain only that which is good.

May I wish for all men's happiness and envy none. May I never rejoice in the ill fortune of one who has wronged me. When I have said or done that which is wrong, may I never wait for the rebuke of others, but always rebuke myself until I make amends.

May I win no victory that harms either me or my opponent.

May I reconcile friends who are wroth with one another.

May I, to the extent of my power, give all needful help to my friends and to all who are in want.

May I never fail a friend in danger.

May I be able by gentle and healing words, when visiting those in grief, to soften their pain.

May I respect myself.

May I always keep tame that which rages within me.

May I accustom myself to be gentle, and never angry with people because of circumstances.

May I never discuss who is wicked and what wicked things he has done, but know good men and follow in their footsteps.



Thoughts for the Shut-in

L. F. Hyland

On the Inequalities of Life

Sometimes, while he muses in the confining solitude of his sick-room, the shut-in is bound to find his thoughts lingering in perplexity on the strange inequalities and apparent injustices that the world reveals. As laughter from the streets, and the blare of traffic, and the sound of loitering or hurrying foot-steps come to him, he is bound to think enviously of healthy and successful sinners; of rebels against God and evil-doers against their fellow-man enjoying prosperity and peace; and at the same time of hundreds like himself who have loved and served God and have been stricken with misfortune and trouble.

It is good for the shut-in, at such times of uneasy comparison, to bring to mind the thought of the time and the place and the means by which all these inequalities will be levelled and all wrongs will be righted. The occasion will be the day of God's general judgment of all mankind, when it will be revealed to all that there was a purpose in everything that God permitted to happen in this world and that no thought or word or action of any man escaped the scrutiny and recording and judgment of God.

Then it will be seen that God never took His hand off the world He made long enough to permit a single human being to suffer a misfortune that He did not foresee and permit and introduce into His plan. Then it will be clear that the blessings of health and worldly success and wealth were responsibilities; that so-called misfortunes were often true blessings in disguise. Then it will be known that the only things that mattered in life were a man's fidelity to his conscience and honesty with God. Then the prosperous sinner's sins will make him curse his prosperity; then the suffering saint's glory will make him bless his sickness forevermore.

It is not possible now to probe into the mind of God and to know why He deals so differently with different human beings in this world. But it is possible to accept His word that He has a plan for everybody and that nothing that happens to anybody is outside the sweet reasonableness of that plan. And it is also possible to accept His promise that some day the plan will be revealed and that each man will be judged, not for health or sickness, not for worldly success or failure, but according to his love and service of God.



Side Glances

By the Bystander

A topic of very vital importance and discussion these days is that of compulsory military training. The bystander has had an opportunity within recent weeks to hear both sides of the question presented with great forcefulness. The position of most Catholic writers on the matter, expressed frequently since World War II, is that compulsory military training is contrary to the mutual trust and will to peace in which nations should live and work together; that it is a measure that severely curbs the individual liberties that are the foundations of a democracy; that, therefore, it should be resorted to only in a definitely established emergency to the whole nation. Catholics also maintain that if an emergency calls for this measure, the government should adequately safeguard, in the process of training young men for the defense of their country, their moral, spiritual and intellectual well-being. The issue as to whether such military training for all youths of the land is necessary centers about the question of whether emergency conditions exist at the present time. Army spokesmen and some civilians, who have studied the matter maintain that both the nature of modern warfare and the unsettled state of international relations constitute all the emergency that is needed to warrant compulsory military training. The National Council against Conscription is an organization that has enlisted the support of many nationally known thinkers and leaders and has determined to use every possible means of propaganda to prevent legislation being passed that would introduce compulsory military training into America. It is good that the position of both these sides in the debate be known.

The army's position was made clear to the bystander in a speech he heard delivered by Lieutenant General J. Lawton Collins at a recent gathering of Catholic editors. General Collins gave three reasons for the army's insistence on some kind of military training for American youth. The first is from the nature of air-age and atomic warfare. While scouting

the oft-projected ideas that war in this age would be a push-button affair, waged through missiles guided by radio and radar to targets at great distances, he yet maintains that modern war would strike a nation swiftly and powerfully through the air, and would leave little or no time for the creation of defenses and the building up of an attacking force. In the last two wars the United States had, after the declaration of hostilities, over a year in which to prepare to meet its enemies with practically no danger of effective attack during that time. Never again, says General Collins, could such a breathing-spell, in which industrial and man-power mobilization could be effected almost from scratch, be expected. Long range bombing planes are now within the grasp of every nation in the world today, and no nation would start a war without having plenty of them with which to strike swiftly and effectively.

Secondly, General Collins points to the uncertain international situation. Recognizing the honest efforts of the United Nations to make war impossible, and hoping that those efforts will succeed, he yet points out that it is the army's task, for which it is paid by the people, to foresee possibilities, to take no foolish chances, to be realistically concerned about the defenses of the nation. One-sided disarmament, he states, is not good defense. Yet at the present moment, the United States has reduced its fighting forces, from what they were at the end of the war, by over 90 per cent, while Russia has reduced hers by less than 30 per cent; at the present time the United States has less than 5,000 war planes that could go into action, while Russia has closer to 25,000. He expresses no judgment, no prophecy, no opinion, about the possibility of war with Russia; he merely says that the above facts have to be considered by the army.

The third argument is that some kind of military training for youth is the only economic way of providing adequate defenses of the nation in the age of warfare by air. The tremendous cost of World War II was

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largely due to the fact that the nation started with practically nothing and had to do everything at one time and in a hurry. This argument does not forget the fact that such expensive preparation for a next war would be wasted and in vain because the factor of time would be lacking. On top of all this, the army goes to great lengths to show that the moral, religious and intellectual characters of young men under training would not only not be neglected, but would be provided for in special ways. It is now conducting what it calls the "Fort Knox Experiment," under which over 600 enlisted men are being trained as the army would expect to train all inductees under legislation making it compulsory. The course is for six months, with a second period of six months in view that could be satisfied by membership in the National Guard, or enrollment in an R. O. T. C. school, or by special technical training of some kind that would be useful both in civilian life and for military need. Chaplains, under the plan being tried out, are given more authority and power than ever before in the history of the nation, according to army statements. Moral and spiritual ideals are incorporated in the very discipline of the men.

That, in brief, is the army's side. Against it stands the program of the National Council against Conscription, counting among its supporters and members Catholic and non-Catholic leaders alike. It has published a statement of six reasons for its stand against universal compulsory military training, which reads as follows: "In the name of God and humanity there must never be another war. Every nation seeks security. Our only hope of security is the same as that of every other nation—namely, total peace together. One world demands one cooperative endeavor based on international morality. We therefore plead with all Americans not to throw away our Nation's chance for world moral leadership, not to take any step in the opposite direction from collective security through world organization. Inasmuch as we covet for our Nation such moral leadership, we oppose compulsory military training in peacetime because: 1. Conscription is unilateral action and thus threatens the United Nations Organization and all efforts toward world cooperation; 2. Conscription arouses the darkest suspicions of all nations, provoking them into competitive armaments and hostile camps; 3. Conscription is no protection. It is based on obsolete notions of warfare and has little rele-

vance to the atomic age; 4. Conscription follows the disastrous pattern of European militarism; 5. Conscription would regiment our youth and expose them to the dangers of barracks' life at a most crucial and impressionable period of their lives; 6. Conscription would establish an undemocratic system aimed at unquestioning obedience to military authority and constitute a totalitarian threat to religion, education, labor, and business."

It is not easy for the ordinary citizen to make a final and certain judgment between these two sides of the current debate, when both sides argue so warmly and cogently for their cause. The difficulty arises from questions of fact. In theory and principle, we believe it can be proved beyond all dispute that universal military training is contrary to the philosophy of democracy, inimical to good feeling among nations and therefore to lasting peace, dangerous to the mentality and character of those who are effected by it, costly not only in terms of money but also in terms of valuable time taken from young men at a critical age, and, it may be added, of not too certain an effectiveness in a military sense over a long period of time. All these solid arguments against it can be outweighed only by the establishment of a fact: that an emergency has arisen or is close at hand that threatens the safety of the nation. Our own conclusions may be summed up as these: 1. There should be no question of establishing universal military training as a *permanent* policy or institution in the nation. To do so would be to contradict every anti-war pronouncement ever officially or unofficially made by Americans and to nullify all the aims and efforts of the United Nations. 2. If the government and the army ask the people of the United States to give them the right to train their youth for national defense, they should do so on the ground that there is an actual emergency, that it is temporary, and that as soon as it is judged to have ceased, military training of all youth will cease. 3. In asking the people to permit universal military training because of an emergency, the government should explain fully and clearly to the people, insofar as security permits, the nature of the emergency, the facts that establish it, the danger that is feared. We believe that this third point would of itself help to remove a state of emergency, because it is secret and undercover diplomacy that promotes emergencies, blows them up into crises, and too often leads an unsuspecting nation into war.



Catholic Anecdotes

The Patient Objects

The *Medical Mission News* hands on the story, received from one of its correspondents, of how a missionary in Africa foiled the machinations of one of the local witch doctors. This latter worthy was held in high esteem in a certain village, and in order to display the man in his true colors, the missionary, on arriving at the village, took to his bed, covered himself with heavy blankets and began to shiver and scream as if he were possessed by the devil himself.

The villagers, in a spirit of helpfulness, summoned the witch-doctor. When he arrived, the catechist, who was in on the plot, spoke to him very humbly, saying:

"Sir, I am much obliged to you for your visit. You see, this white man called me to follow him, and now he is going to die here. What can I do?"

"On your way to this village," said their visitor, with an air of importance, "did you pass through that part of the jungle which lies south of here?"

"Why yes, we did."

"And you crossed the wide river?"

"Yes."

The witch doctor looked very grave, particularly as the missionary began to roar louder and louder like a dying bull.

"This is a terrible thing," he said. "No wonder this man is sick. He passed through that part of the jungle and crossed the river without due permission from the presiding spirit. If you want to save him, you must bring me

a white cock and a handful of coins; otherwise this white man will surely die."

"That's what you think," said the missionary, rising up and showing himself to be in perfect health.

Needless to say, the witch-doctor retired from the scene amid considerable discomfiture.

Proof Enough

The story is told that some years ago in Moscow the Communist Minister of Education, Lunatcharsky, was delivering a harangue to a great gathering in a public auditorium. It was Easter time, and the crowd listened in stolid silence as the speaker reached his peroration:

"Is there anyone among you who can doubt my scientific demonstrations? There is no God, no soul, no religion! There exists only matter in continual flux. That is science."

At the far end of the hall an old Orthodox priest arose.

"I would like to speak," he said.

The official could not but accede to the request, and the old man resolutely climbed the platform, faced the crowd and slowly and with deep gravity pronounced the traditional Easter greeting: "*Bratzi, Khristos voskresse!* Brethren, Christ is risen!"

The people leaped up as one man, and with a great cry gave the response: "*Voistino, voskresse!* In very truth, He is risen!"

Perhaps the old priest died for his boldness, but his was the victory.



Pointed Paragraphs

Quick Convert

Recently we met one of those engaging, affable, human beings who, thinking it necessary to say something about religion in the presence of a priest, spoke as follows:

"I have a religion of my own and I think it a good one. It is the religion of service — of doing things for others. I like to take young people who have gone off the track and try to straighten them out. I like to help my friends when they are in trouble. That's my religion."

It required only a half hour's conversation with this man, a perfect stranger up to that time, to bring from him an admission that his religion was not enough, not even enough to render effective the service he was trying to give to others.

Our argument was as follows: "You say you like to straighten out wayward young people — what the sociologist calls 'juvenile delinquents.' What have you got to offer them? Do you tell them that it's nice and pleasant to be good when they have learned to get a thrill out of being bad? Do you offer them money for being good, enough to compete with the hauls they can make by shop-lifting or house-breaking? Do you take them to shows, circuses, parties, thinking that such services will make them good?"

"Don't you see that it is impossible to make a bad person good unless you can give him a permanent, universal, inescapable motive for being good? And the only such motive possible is his

basic responsibility to God. Unless you can awaken a sense of that responsibility you will never really touch the sore spot in his soul. And unless you cultivate it in yourself, you'll never have it to give to others."

We expected an argument, but we got surrender. "I know you're right," he said. "I'd better get back to my own religion before I talk about service to others."

Resistance Movement

There is room in this country, and need for it, of a movement dedicated to advertising resistance. We are thinking of the tremendously evil consequences of the unlimited liquor advertising that is appearing in newspapers and magazines, on billboards and buildings, even on theatre programs and baseball scorecards these days. Last year Americans spent almost 9 billion dollars on alcoholic beverages alone, and much of this was due to a synthetic thirst created by drooling advertisements.

The resistance movement will have to take cognizance of several facts. It must realize that it is not enough to deplore imprudent advertising, nor even to be annoyed or repelled by it. One advertising expert said recently that it is even the object of advertisers to annoy people; that their very annoyance makes them remember the name of a product advertised and weakens their resistance to buying it. Therefore it is not enough to express annoyance over advertising to create resistance against it.

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Another fact that must be remembered is that the idea of drinking intoxicating beverages is associated in most sensible people's minds with something that is morally indifferent, and that they are inclined to push aside the thought that it has its dangers. One psychologist maintained recently that the movie "The Lost Weekend," no doubt honestly designed by its producer to make people think of the dangers of drink, actually caused an increase in drinking. That was because it made people think of drinking, and they forgot the dangers, remembering only that drinking is indifferent in itself.

Resistance to liquor advertising must therefore be resistance, on the part of individuals, to the suggestive power of ideas. Such resistance requires the fostering of powerful contrary ideas. When the advertisement shows the appealing bottle or the sparkling glass, the effect intended for the reader is the idea "drinking is good." The advertising resister has to meet that idea immediately with another idea of his own: "Drinking is dangerous." If he does that he won't be advertised into drinking excessively or even imprudently. If many do it, the advertising will soon cease to pay for itself out of the pockets of tipplers and drunkards.

Business Buys Bad Will

The Telephone Operators' strike gave good evidence of the fact that big business has often been dishonest in the past when it proclaimed that it wasn't against good unions; that it refused to deal with unions only because they were run by Communists and racketeers; that it was eager to bargain collectively with true, honest, upright American employees.

"For years," said Victor Riesel, a columnist in the New York *Post*, quoted

by the Chicago *Work*, "we've been demanding clean unionism. Well, here it is . . .

"The National Federation of Telephone Workers is money honest. Each month in some cases, at least every three months, the 50 switchboard outfits send financial statements to their membership.

"The N. F. T. W. is democratic. Officials, all experienced in the industry, are elected by secret ballot. (The decision to strike was made by a 12 to 1 vote.)

"The N. F. T. W. is no gold mine for anyone. President Joseph Beirne gets \$12,000 a year. (A. T. & T. President Walter Gifford draws nearly 18 times as much — \$209,000 a year, besides an \$87,000 pension.)

"The N. F. T. W. is pure of isms and politics — without a PAC, without the slightest trace of Communistic leaning. Perhaps 80 percent of the membership is Catholic.

"Why then," Riesel asked, "are we kicking it around? Do we want it to go left-wing? . . . If the A. T. & T brushes off the switchboard union, amid the approving silence of the public and industry, then in effect we're telling all labor it doesn't pay to be clean."

The strike was being settled while these lines were being written — and for a small fraction of what had been reasonably asked by the union. At the same time it was revealed that the A. T. & T., a monopoly that has no need of advertising because it has no competition, had spent \$14,000,000 in 1946 for "good will advertising." An instance of its "good will" toward its employees may be found in the fact that the Illinois telephone operators held 95 bargaining sessions with management during the strike without receiving a single offer of a wage increase.

Pardon us if we squint, when we see the full page "good will" advertisements of the Bell Telephone Company from now on.

Survival of Ignorance

Opponents of Rome are often inclined to make remarks about the ignorance of the Catholic clergy in the pre-Reformation days. They speak of the "darkness" of medieval times; they draw comparisons between the enlightenment of the twentieth century and the mental obscurity and fog of peoples and the leaders of peoples before the dawn of the new age. One can read such bits of wisdom in countless newspaper articles; one can hear the same in innumerable political, religious and all other kinds of speeches. No Catholic would be so dense as to defend the thesis that there was no ignorance either in the early or late middle ages.

But every Catholic knows that ignorance did not pass away with the coming of the new Protestant Gospel teaching. It is common knowledge that there are uncounted numbers of ministers right here in the States who cannot spell six letter words without help from their elders or deacons. But to keep the record straight we have a quotation from an unquestioned authority on the amount of learning possessed by the new clergy after the break of Henry VIII. Our authority is Maximin Piette, the well-known author of the life of John Wesley—a life that was received well by both Catholics and Protestants. He is known for his impartiality and charity.

He says on page 130 of his life of Wesley: "Most informing it would be, if we could consult, for this epoch (the 16th century), an inquiry as carefully drawn up as that which Bishop Hooper conducted in his diocese in 1551. Among the findings which Gloucester's new

bishop made, he informs us that, out of 311 Anglican (Episcopalian) clergy, 62 had more than one parish without residing in them, 171 were not able to recite the ten commandments; 33 did not know what part of the Bible they were taken from; 30 did not know where the Our Father comes from in the Bible; 27 did not know who the author of it was."

On page 138 Piette says: "Sir William Blackstone, one day in 1750, took a notion to make the rounds of the London churches, and listen to the most celebrated Anglican preachers of his day. In no discourse, he maintains, was he able to discover any more Christianity than could be found in the writings of Cicero. Judged by the ideas which they expressed, he adds, it would have been impossible to know whether the leaders were disciples of Confucius, Mohammed, or followers of Christ."

The Side of the Popes

To many people it does not matter very much whether they are on the side of the Popes or not. Some, on finding out what any given Pontiff of the Catholic church has taught, would spontaneously take the opposite side. To many others, both Catholic and non-catholic, the side taken by the Popes is that of the highest authority in the world on moral matters, and that of the best-informed and most learned expert on any problem of human relationships.

On the question of wages, Pope Pius XI laid down three principles that must be considered in deciding what constitutes a just wage. In the current disputes between capital and labor it is not difficult to learn which side is that of the Pope.

The first principle of Pope Pius XI is that a wage must be sufficient for the decent support of workingman and his

family, according to the current cost of living; and furthermore that the paying of such a wage is the first duty of the employer, taking precedence over dividends, profits, expansion, etc.

In the three big strikes of the past year, automobile makers, steel-workers and coal miners, the first argument of the workers, expressed by Reuther for the automobile unions, Murray for steel workers, and Lewis for coal-miners, was that an increase of wages was needed to meet the cost of living. The owners and employers in these industries did not deny that the workers needed more wages, but did say that they could not pay them because doing so would upset the stock-holders' dividends, the corporation profits, the plans for expansion, etc. On count one, it is clear who stands on the side of the Pope.

Secondly, Pope Pius XI said that the condition of a business or industry must be considered in determining wages, i.e. whether it is financially able to pay the amount of wages needed by the workers. He even suggested that if it couldn't pay such wages, it should be reorganized in such a way that it could.

In the three big strikes mentioned above, studies were made by experts to prove that the companies could grant general raises of wages without great hardship. But the owners and employers, not denying their ability to pay, simply said that profits have nothing to do with wages (in direct contradiction of the statements of Pius XI) and refused absolutely to permit disinterested parties to glance at their books and learn anything about their ability to pay. Again the side of the Popes is clear.

Thirdly, Pius XI said that the common good must be considered in wage-setting, i.e., the good of business at

large, the welfare of the country as a whole, the permanence of prosperity, etc. Economic history proves that living wages for workingmen are the only guarantees of prosperity because they keep open a vast market for goods. Sub-standard wages lead to depressions because they keep the market for many manufactured goods limited and narrow. Yet the owners and employers of large industries have refused to serve the common good, doggedly holding to the principle that they would grant no increase of wages without raising prices, thus keeping the market for their goods as narrow and limited as it was before.

Who is on the side of the Popes?

Question of Models

If it was thought wise to remove Leo Durocher from his position as manager of the Brooklyn baseball team because his conduct on and off the baseball field made him a dangerous model for Brooklyn's youth to look up to, why cannot something be done to remove people like Lorraine Day, Durocher's latest consort, from their position of influence before the public?

After all, Durocher, as a baseball manager, would appear publicly only once a day and only half the year and half the days in Brooklyn. When Lorraine Day's pictures come to town, she is on the screen all day long and far into the night, and hundreds of movie magazines and newspaper movie columns make a heroine out of her.

Too bad there isn't one powerful national publication that rates movie stars according to their morality and fitness to be looked up to as models. Baseball should not be the only field of public entertainment in which moral integrity is a factor.



Liguoriana



EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer

History of Heresies

Chapter VII. Heresies of the Seventh Century

The Monothelite Heresy

The Monothelite heresy had its origin in the year 622. Some bishops who had accepted the doctrine of the Council of Chalcedon, that there were two natures in Jesus Christ, but that He was only one Person, maintained that only one kind of operation was to be attributed to Christ. The author of this error was Sergius, Patriarch of Constantinople. Two other Patriarchs, Cyrus of Alexandria and Athanasius of Antioch, united with Sergius in teaching the heretical doctrine that there was only one will in Jesus Christ. From this doctrine, they were called *Monothelites*, from the Greek words meaning 'one will.' These three patriarchs were bitterly opposed by Sophronius, Patriarch of Jerusalem.

In the year 633, Cyrus, recently created Patriarch of Alexandria, wrote a work composed of nine articles, by which he hoped to unite with himself the members of the Theodosian sect. In it he taught that Christ was the Son of God, but that His actions were at one and the same time human and divine, any distinction between them being merely the product of our human intellects. He gave the articles to Sophronius, who at the time was a monk, to examine. As soon as he had read them, Sophronius, realizing that they were contrary to the faith, fell on his knees before Cyrus and begged him, with tears in his eyes, not to publish

them. Cyrus, however, refused to listen, and published the decree. Whereupon Sophronius went to Constantinople with the intention of influencing Sergius. He failed to realize, however, that he was dealing with the principal proponent of this error. Sergius refused to see him, and shortly afterwards ratified Cyrus' doctrine.

Upon his return to the East Sophronius was elected Patriarch of Jerusalem. Realizing what effect this might have, Sergius determined to be the first to reach the ear of Pope Honorius. He wrote long letters to the Pope, full of deception and trickery, in which he professed himself to be in doubt as to the manner of expressing himself about the operations of Christ, and that he and St. Sophronius were in agreement that nothing further should be said concerning the controversy. The Pope was completely deceived by the Patriarch of Constantinople. In his reply Honorius praised Sergius for his position and stated: "We profess the one will of Jesus Christ, because the Divinity did not assume our sin, but our nature as it was before it was corrupted by sin. The Sacred Writings everywhere state that there is one Jesus Christ, acting through His Divinity and Humanity. Whether this, because of the works of the divinity and humanity, must be called one or a twofold operation, ought not to concern us. We leave

that to the grammarians."

From this manner of speaking, heretics and some Catholic writers concluded that Honorius fell into the Monothelite heresy. But they are most certainly in error, for Pope Honorius' intention was only to show that the human will of Christ was not contrary to His divine will. It was in this manner that Pope John IV later explained Honorius' letter to the Emperor Constantine II. We do not deny, however, that Honorius did make a grave mistake in imposing silence in the dispute concerning the wills of Christ, for in such a matter, to impose silence is the same as to favor error.

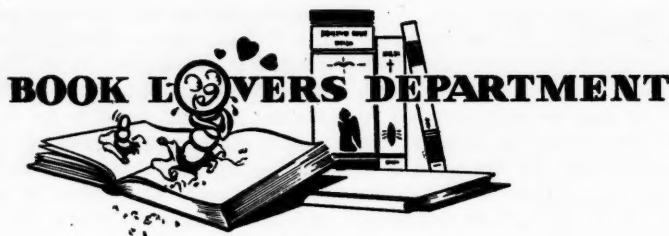
After the death of Pope Honorius in 638 the heresy of the Monothelites spread far and wide, because of a decree of the Emperor Heraclius, known as the *Ecthesis* (the Exposition). It was an edict composed by Sergius, Patriarch of Constantinople, published under Heraclius' name. It contained a profession of faith and also the doctrine that there was only one will in Christ and that to maintain that there were two wills in Christ is the same as to recognize in Him two persons. The *Ecthesis* was later sent to Pope Severinus, who died, however, before it reached him. It was left to Pope John IV to condemn the document.

Even the condemnation of the *Ecthesis*, however, did not put an end to the heresy. For, upon the death of Sergius, Pyrrhus and Paul, his successors, kept the heresy alive by their depravity and deception. Pyrrhus, however, was soon expelled from the See of Constantinople because of his frequent quarrels with the people. He first went to Africa where he engaged in a disputation with St. Maximus, the Abbot, concerning the divine and human wills and operations of Christ. So con-

vincing were the holy Abbot's arguments that Pyrrhus went to Rome, prostrated himself at the feet of Pope Theodore and professed to abandon his errors. It was not for long, however, for Pyrrhus went to Ravenna and there fell in with a Monothelite governor who was instrumental in restoring Pyrrhus to the See of Constantinople in the year 655. Upon learning of Pyrrhus' relapse Pope Theodore assembled a synod of Bishops and the Roman clergy, and publicly excommunicated and deposed him. Then commanding that a sacred chalice be brought to him, he dipped his pen into it and signed the condemnation with the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ. (*Ed. Note*: St. Alphonsus, citing several recognized historians, narrates this startling incident calmly and without question as to its truth.)

St. Martin, who succeeded Theodore as sovereign Pontiff, condemned the edict of the Emperor, Constans. For this courageous act, he and many others, among them the holy abbot, St. Maximus, suffered cruelly at the hands of the emperor. St. Martin died in exile in 654. Constans, however, was soon punished for his cruelty. In the year 668, while bathing one day in the city of Syracuse, a servant struck him on the head with a large vase filled with water. The servant fled, and other attendants found the Emperor dead.

Constans was succeeded by his son, Constantine the Bearded. A young man, virtuous and zealous, he aided in assembling the Sixth General Council at Constantinople in 680. The Council was attended by a large number of Bishops and presided over by a legate of Pope St. Agatho. The Catholic doctrine of the two wills and two operations in Christ was defined as to be believed by all Catholics, and the Monothelite heresy was condemned.



Conducted by T. Tobin,

CATHOLIC AUTHOR OF THE MONTH

Henry Bordeaux, 1870

I. Life:

Henry Bordeaux was born at Thonon on the shore of Lake Geneva in Savoy. His father was a lawyer and the mayor of the village. Henry spent his early life in the beautiful Savoy country. He made his higher studies at the Sorbonne and received his degree in law. In 1890 Bordeaux served the year of compulsory military training in the French army. On his father's death in 1896 he took over the duties of mayor of the town. He also practiced law and did some writing during this time. He married at the age of thirty-one. The first World War found him serving as a Captain in the army. He was twice decorated for bravery. In 1919 he was elected to the French Academy. At that time he was the youngest member of this assembly of the great names of France. Henry Bordeaux is also a member of the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors. He spends part of the year in Paris and part in his native Savoy.

II. Writings:

Henry Bordeaux is a distinctively Catholic novelist. Christian principles animate his writings. In his novels he defends the sanctity of the home and shows the retribution that always accompanies sin. He is famous for the heroines that dominate his books. His choice of Catholic themes might lead to the suspicion that his literary style is not up to standard. Yet his style is of a very high calibre—witness his election to the French

Academy.

Some of the more than one hundred books that he has written have been translated into English. *George Guynemer, Knight of the Air* is the story of the French pilot who was shot down in the first World War. *St. Francis De Sales, Theologian of Love* is a life of Bordeaux's favorite Saint and fellow Savoyard. *Awakening* is centered around the selfishness that almost wrecked a home. In *The House* the central figure is the father who is fighting "for the most sacred thing he has, the soul of his son, the continuer of his race."

III. The Book:

The Fear of Living is one of the author's earliest and most popular books. Even in its English translation it has received at least nine printings. The French Academy crowned this book. The central idea of the book is that there are some people who are afraid of life itself. They seek to lose themselves in a mad round of pleasure that distracts them from the serious business of living. They recoil in terror in the face of pain and suffering. The heroine of the novel, Madame Guibert, is one who never was afraid to embrace her share of the troubles of the world. She taught her sons and daughters how to live by her own life. She was the valiant woman who stood in contrast to Alice Dulaurens who allowed happiness to slip from her grasp because of her inability to take the sorrows and separations of life. This lesson of the necessity of living is still an important point for our modern world.

July Book Reviews

A Catholic Novel—*Silver Fountains* (McMullen, 196 pp. \$2.50), by Dorothy Mackinder, is the story of a small French Catholic parish. To the silver fountain in the center of the village come the parishioners to exchange the news and the gossip. The title is taken from one of Shakespeare's sonnets:

"No more be grieved at that which thou has done,

Roses have thorns and silver fountains mud."

It is the tale of the mud of gossip and slander that the villagers have placed in the very heart of their lives. It is not a story of a typical Catholic parish, but of one that has forgotten the lesson of charity. The parish priest, Curé Chavez, fights a losing battle to extirpate this vice from the souls of his parish. The story opens with the reminder that the evil tongues of his parishioners had driven a young girl to throw herself into the river. The focal point of all the infection is a small group of so-called pious people with his own housekeeper as the leader. In private admonition and finally in public rebuke he seeks to establish the claims of charity in his parish. Finally the resentment of the people brings about his removal. When he grows a little discouraged he is reminded by the poacher: "You are asking too much of God. You want Him to tell you the results before the game is over."

Some of the characters are well drawn. The figures of the gossipers are vague and indefinite, though the character of the housekeeper emerges from among the shadowy background of her fellow gossips. The converted Magdalen is a truly noble character who adds charms and power to the story. The poacher who hates hypocrisy, even though he himself is not too Catholic in his actions, is very well pictured.

This is a higher type of Catholic novel than many that have appeared lately. *Silver Fountains* does not belong to the "sacristy type" of novel so sharply condemned by Cardinal Newman. It deals with real characters and is not afraid to show evil in the world, but shows it in its true role as subservient to the good. Miss Mackinder ranks among the better Catholic novelists, though not with the best in the field such as Sigrid Undset, Evelyn Waugh, Bruce Marshall and others. She does know how to tell a good Catholic story.

Our Blessed Lady—Most Catholics are acquainted with the wonderful apparitions

and miracles that took place at Fatima, as publicized in the various books and magazine articles that have appeared with great regularity. Recently the most complete and a semi-official narrative of the events at Fatima has been translated from the French. Reverend Gonzaga da Fonseca, S. J., professor at the Biblical Institute in Rome, wrote a thorough study in Spanish of the facts about Fatima. Canon Barthas, editor-in-chief of a group of French Catholic newspapers, made a personal study of Fatima and incorporated his findings in a French adaptation of Father Fonseca's book. It is this adaptation that has been translated as *Our Lady of Light* (Bruce, 225 pp., \$2.50). The title is taken from Lucy's description of the beautiful Lady who appeared to her and her two cousins.

One is tempted, after reading this book, to outline again the marvels of Fatima. It is sufficient, however, for the purpose of this review to mention the various sections of the book. All the details of the six apparitions are well told in the first part. The second section treats of the development of the devotion at the Shrine of Fatima. In the next part the story of the three young children is narrated both before and after the appearances of the Blessed Virgin. The fourth division chronicles and explains the various miracles that took place at Fatima. The tremendous miracle of the dance of the sun is told in detail from the accounts of eyewitnesses. Various documents are gathered together in the final part of the book. There are eighteen pages of the cross-questionings of the three children; the collective Pastoral Letter of the Portuguese Hierarchy; and the address and consecration of the world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary by Pius XII. The prayers taught by the Lady to the children are also found in the appendix.

This is a very factual, historical account of events that must be admitted to be true. It is well written and authoritative. Catholics cannot afford to be ignorant or poorly informed on these great apparitions of Our Lady. Those who watch with an apprehensive eye the triumph of Communism will be heartened by the promises of the Lady. Catholics should read *Our Lady of Light* and tell their friends about the manifestations of the love and power of the Mother of God and men.

Autobiography of the Blessed Virgin—*The Autobiography of the Blessed Virgin*

The Liguorian

(Bruce, 125 pp., \$2.50) by Reverend Peter A. Resch, S.M., is a unique book on the Blessed Mother. Many have written books about her; others have applied to her various passages from the Sacred Scriptures. The present author gathers together the various words of the Bible that have been applied to her by the Church in her liturgy. The Scriptural sections of the Feasts of the Blessed Virgin have been arranged to form a continuous picture of the great events in her life. The antiphons, versicles, lessons and Gospels are used to constitute what the author calls the "diary" of the Blessed Mother. This "diary" was discovered when "the inspired Church picked them out of the sacred deposit of the Scriptures, detected their Marian sense and application, and placed them in their liturgical setting." The author gives a very brief introduction to the texts and then allows Mary to speak for herself. This is an excellent life of the Blessed Lady.

St. John Eudes—The third volume of the English translation of the selected works of St. John Eudes has just appeared. It is entitled *Meditations on Various Subjects* (Kennedy, 349 pp., \$3.00) and is translated by Reverend Wilfrid E. Myatt, C.J.M., and the Reverend Patrick J. Skinner, C.J.M. The translators have grouped together the meditations scattered throughout the writings of the Saint. The Meditations emphasize the fundamental concept of St. John Eudes on the nature of prayer as the continuation in the lives of Christians of the prayer life of Christ. As a follower of Cardinal De Berulle, St. John insists on the Christocentric focus of prayer. For the saint all prayer is conversation with God. There are nine series of meditations on various mysteries and duties of the Christian. The complete list is as follows: Meditations on the Mysteries of Jesus, Christian Duties and Dignity, Humility, Baptism, Preparation for Death, Childhood of the Blessed Virgin, Holy Heart of Mary, Sacred Heart of Jesus, and finally on special liturgical feasts. The meditations on humility are especially worthy of mention. The Saint reveals his great knowl-

edge of the Sacred Scriptures. The knowledge, zeal and love of the Saint are abundantly manifest in these pages. We look forward to the completion of the edition, especially the book on *The Priest: His Dignity and Obligations*.

Catholic Youth—Catholic Youth is on the march! Father John Courtney Murray, S.J., in a stirring article in *America* suggested that Catholic college students take an active role in Student Congresses. The response was immediate. The Hierarchy asked him to lead a group of students to the International student Federation meeting at Prague. Though he was unable to attend, he helped in the formation of the leaders who made the trip. These students attended various Catholic and general meetings. Two of the students, Martin McLaughlin of Notre Dame, and Henry Briefs of Georgetown, have summarized the meetings in the booklet, *Operation University* (N.C. W.C., 42 pp., \$1.00). The subtitle reveals that it is a report and an analysis. Catholic college students will find this booklet invaluable in acquainting them with the work of Catholic Action in their field.

The Beginning of Goodness (Fides, 93 pp., \$1.00), by Reverend Columba Gary-Elwes, O.S.B., is an excellent guide for those who have just left school. It presents the common difficulties that will confront the young Catholic on his entrance into the active life of the world. The author has had wide experience in dealing with young people in England. The booklet considers four important points: Fundamentals of Catholic life, the Will of God in the world, Prayer in the world, and some Virtues and Vices in the world. The sections are practical and written in a language that young people will appreciate. There is not the slightest trace of any attempt to talk down to them. Father Gary-Elwes gives the essential doctrines and practices in a brief, convincing way which will appeal to the young person in the world. This cannot be recommended too highly as an ideal gift for the Catholic who wants to retain and increase his Catholic faith in the world.

I grant that there are writers of name, ancient and modern, who really are guilty of the absurdity of making sentences, as the very end of their literary labour. Such was Isocrates; such were some of the sophists; they were set on words, to the neglect of thoughts or things; I cannot defend them. They were wanting in that simplicity which is the attribute of genius. Still, granting all this, I cannot grant, notwithstanding, that genius never need take pains,—that genius may not improve by practice,—that it never incurs failures, and succeeds the second time,—that it never finishes off at leisure what it has thrown off in the outline at a stroke.

Cardinal Newman.

Best Sellers

A moral evaluation of current books, published by "Best Sellers,"
The University of Scranton, Scranton, Pennsylvania.

I. Suitable for any class of readers:

The Quiz Kids—*Hickok*
Together—*Marshall*
Dust on the King's Highway—*White*
The Story of the FBI.—*Editors of Look*
Empire in Green and White—*Wilson*
Journey Through My Years—*Cox*
After Black Coffee—*Gannon*
In This Thy Day—*McLavery*
Behind the Iron Curtain—*Moorad*
Wayfarer's Friend—*Savage*
In the Hands of the Senecas—*Edmonds*
From the Top of the Stairs—*Finletter*

II. Suitable for adults only because of:

A. Content and Style too advanced for Adolescents:

Our Fair City—*Allen*
Bedeviled—*Block*
The Struggle for the World—*Burnham*
There Was a Time—*Caldwell*
How Green Was My Father—*Doodge*
Anglo-Saxon Saints and Scholars —
Duckett
Philosopher's Quest—*Edman*
Why They Behave Like Russians —
Fischer
There Once Was a Slave—*Graham*
The Scarlet Patch—*Lancaster*
Christ Stopped At Eboli—*Levi*
The Wallaces of Iowa—*Lord*
The Tin Flute—*Roy*
The Red Prussian, The Life and Legend
of Karl Marx—*Schwarzschild*
Madman's Memory—*Vercel*
A Surgeon's Domain—*Bernheim*
This is My Story—*Budenz*
Out of Many Waters—*Buehrle*
Defeat in Victory—*Chiechanowski*
The Mind and Heart of Love—*D'Arcy*
The Practicing of Christopher—*Eckert*
The Memory of Certain Persons—*Ers-
kine*
Three Came Home—*Keith*
The Abolition of Man—*Lewis*
Pere Antoine—*Murphy*
Pere Lagrange and the Scriptures —
Murphy
Gallows for the Groom—*Olsen*
Always Young and Fair—*Richter*
Theology and Sanity—*Sheed*
Appeal to the Nation—*Thomas*
Thinking It Over—*Woodlock*

B. Immoral incidents which do not invali- date the book as a whole:

Banner by the Wayside—*Adams*
The Doctor Has a Baby—*Barkins*
House of Mist—*Bombal*
Jeremy Bell—*Davis*
Mary Hallam—*Ertz*
The Bandaged Nude—*Finnegan*
Gentlemen's Agreement—*Hobson*
The Sea is Woman—*Idell*
Touchstone—*Janet*
A Garden to the Eastward—*Lamb*
Deadline Delayed — *Members of the
Overseas Press Club*
Mr. Whittle and the Morning Star —
Nathan
The Left Hand is the Dreamer—*Ross*
The Chequer Board—*Shute*
Jed Blaine's Woman—*Wells*
Black Fountains—*Wynd*
False Face—*Edgley*
The Big Sky—*Guthrie*
They Can't All be Guilty—*Heberden*
Without Seeing the Dawn—*Javellana*
Three Days—*Longstreet*
Home is If You Find It—*Nye*
The Shapers of American Fiction —
Snell
Aurora Dawn—*Wouk*
The Vixens—*Yerby*

III. Unsuitable for general reading but per- missible for discriminating adults:

Angel's Flight—*Holstius*
Table in the Wilderness—*Parker*
Pilgrim of the Absolute—*Bloy*
Russia, Menace or Promise—*Dean*
The Rediscovery of Morals—*Link*
David and Anna—*Payne*

IV. Not recommended to any class of readers:

The Children—*Fast*
Ceylon—*Lay*
In a Yellow Wood—*Vidal*
End as a Man—*Willingham*
Mama Maria's—*Chidester*
Smith Unbound—*Dixworth*
The Sling and the Arrow—*Engstrand*
The Dagger and the Cup—*Lockwood*
Puzzle for Pilgrims—*Quentin*
Return to Night—*Renault*
Mr. On Loong—*Standish*
An Essay on Morals—*Wylie*



Lucid Intervals

A young lady stalled her car at a traffic light one winter day. She stamped on the starter, tried again, choked her engine, while behind her, an impatient citizen honked his horn steadily. Finally she got out and walked back.

"I'm awfully sorry, but I don't seem to be able to start my car," she told the driver of the other car pleasantly. "If you will go up there and start it for me, I'll stay here and lean on your horn."

A drunk staggered into an Automat, put two nickels into a slot, and watched in astonishment as out came a piece of cherry pie. He put in two more nickels and out came another piece. He continued to feed in more nickels until he had almost a dozen pieces of cherry pie, when one of the attendants asked him, "Don't you think you had better stop now?" "What!" cried the drunk. "Quit now — when I'm still winning!"

Mike—"The trouble with Casey is he has no backbone."

Pat—"Faith, he has backbone enough if he'd only bring it to the front."

Here's to the man who is wisest and best,
Here's to the man who with judgment is blest.
Here's to the man who's as smart as can be—
I mean the man who agrees with me.

Portuguese farmers on the Pacific Coast near San Francisco were continually being asked to give money for local improvements. One day Louie was approached for a 25-dollar donation to buy a flag for the school-house.

"I no do it," he sputtered. "Last month I give 50 dollar buy fog horn. Fog horn go whooo, whooo. Fog come in anyway."

Little Willie, home from school,
Where he'd learned the Golden Rule,
Said, "If I eat up this cake
Sis won't have a stomach-ache."

There was a terrific explosion and the shoe-maker was blown out through the door almost to the middle of the street.

A passer-by rushed to his assistance, and, after helping him to rise, inquired if he was injured.

The little German gazed at his place of business, which was now burning quite briskly, and said:

"No, I ain't hurt. But I got out shust in time, eh?"

The horse ambled along for a short distance and then stopped. This procedure was repeated several times. A curious bystander approached the farmer and asked kindly, "Is your horse sick?"

"Nope," answered the farmer, "he's so afraid I'll say 'whoa' and he won't hear me, that he stops every once in a while to listen."

Two hillbillies who had never been on a train before had been drafted and were on their way to camp. A food butcher came through the train selling bananas. The two mountaineers had never seen bananas and each bought one. As one of them bit into his banana the train entered a tunnel. His voice came to his companion in the darkness.

First Hillbilly: "Have you et yours yet?"

Second Hillbilly: "Not yet. Why?"

First Hillbilly: "Well, don't touch it. I've et one bite and gone blind."

Evangelist—"Don't you want to come and labor in the Lord's vineyard?"

Ole—"No. Ay got fine job with Yon Yonson alreddy."

Two domestic employes were talking over their individual problems in connection with their work. Said one to the other: "The lady I work for says I should always warm the plates for our dinner guests. But that's too much work, so I just warm hers and she never knows the difference."

Service for the Sick

If there is a sick or shut-in person in your family or among your friends to whom you have not given a copy of "Blessings in Illness," you are missing an opportunity of doing a great and rewarding act of charity. It is the instinctive desire of all who visit relatives or friends who are confined to their rooms, whether at home or in a hospital, to leave something with them — something that will relieve the loneliness of long hours.

This booklet is designed for that purpose. It does not tax the sick person's mind; it merely plants joyous and salutary thoughts that ward off worry and discouragement. Some of its titles are: On Loneliness in Illness, On Escaping the World, On Being a Burden, On Discouragement, On Sympathy, On Relaxing, On Gratitude for Sleep, On Laughter, On a sense of Humor, On Looking Ahead, On the Mind's Power over Matter. For patients who cannot themselves read because of their condition, a kind and soothing service will be rendered by friends who will read short articles like the above to them.

The booklet may be ordered from The Liguorian Pamphlet Office. Single copies are 25 cents; 100 copies are \$20.00.

ADDRESS:

Motion Picture Guide

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR GENERAL PATRONAGE

Reviewed This Week

Thunder Mountain

Previously Reviewed

Angel and the Badman
Angels of the Streets
Apache Rose
Banjo
Barber of Seville (Italian)
Beginning or the End, The
Blaze of Noon
Blondie's Big Moment
Blondie's Holiday
Born to Speed
Boy, a Girl and a Dog, A
Bringing Up Father
Buck Privates Come Home
Bulldog Drummond at Bay
Cage of Nightingales, A
(French)
Calendar Girl
Carnegie Hall
Captive Heart, The
Citizen Saint
Code of the West
Cynthia
Death Valley
Devil on Wheels, The
Fabulous Dorseys, The
Farmer's Daughter, The
For the Love of Rusty
Ginger
Girl on the Spot
Great Expectations
Heldorado
High Barbaree
Hit Parade of 1947
Homesteaders of Paradise Valley
I Know Where I'm Going
I Live as I Please (Italian)
I'll Be Yours
It Happened in Brooklyn
It's a Joke Son
King of Wild Horses
Last Frontier Uprising
Last of the Redmen, The
Late George Apley, The
Law of the Canyon
Law of the Lash
Lone Hand Texan, The
Lone Star Moonlight
Magic Bow, The
Michigan Kid
Mr. Hex
My Brother Talks to Horses
My Dog Shep
Overlanders, The
Over the Santa Fe Trail
Pilgrim Lady, The
Raiders of the South
Range Beyond the Blue
Riding the California Trail
St. Francis of Assisi (Spanish)

St. Therese of Lisieux
(Re-Issue)
San Demetrio, London
Schrammeln (German)
Seven Were Saved
Shocking Miss Pilgrim, The
Silver Range
Sinbad the Sailor
Singin' in the Corn
Six Gun Serenade
Song of Scheherazade
Song of the Sierras
South of the Chisholm Trail
Stagecoach to Denver
Sweetheart of Sigma Chi
Three on a Ticket
That Way With Women
That's My Man
Thirteenth Hour
This Happy Breed
Trail to San Antonio
Trail to Vengeance
Trail Street
Trap, The
Twilight on the Rio Grande
Unexpected Guest
Vacation Days
Valley of Fear
Vigilantes of Boomtown
Wake up and Dream
West of Dodge City
Wild Country
Wild West
Yankee Fakir
Yearling, The

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR ADULTS

Reviewed This Week

Christmas Eve
Little Martyr, The (Italian)
Gunfighters

Previously Reviewed

Adventures, The
Alias Mr. Twilight
Arnoldo Affair, The
Backlash
Beast With Five Fingers, The
Beat the Band
Bedelia
Before Him All Rome Trembled
(Italian)
Big Town
Blind Spot
Boomerang
Boomtown (Re-Issue)
Brasher Doubloon, The
Calcutta
California
Carnival of Sinners (French)
Cigarette Girl
Copacabana
Danger Street
Danger Woman
Dark Delusion [formerly
Cynthia's Secret]

Dead Reckoning
Devil Thumbs a Ride, The
Dick Tracy's Dilemma
Dishonored Lady
Easy Come Easy Go
Egg and I, The
Framed
Ghost Goes Wild, The
Great Waltz, The (Re-Issue)
Guilt of Janet Ames, The
Guilty, The
Hannerl und ihre Liebhaber
(German)
Hard Boiled Mahoney
Henry the Fifth
Her First Affair (French)
Hollywood Bound
Honeymoon
I Cover Big Town
Imperfect Lady
It Happened on Fifth Avenue
I've Always Loved You
Jewels of Brandenburg
Johnny O'Clock
Ladies' Man
Lady Chaser
Les Miserables (French)
Likely Story, A
Locket, The
Lone Wolf in Mexico, The
Macomber Affair, The
Millie's Daughter
Mr. District Attorney
Musica Proibita
[Forbidden Music]
[Italian]
My Favorite Brunette
New Orleans
Philo Vance Returns
Plainsman and the Lady, The
Pursued
Queen of the Amazons
Rage in Heaven (Re-Issue)
Ramrod
Red House, The
Renegade Girl
Sea of Grass
Sea Wolf, The (Re-Issue)
Secrets of a Sorority Girl
Sin of Harold Diddlebock, The
Smash Up
Stairway to Heaven
Stallion Road
Stormy Waters (French)
Strange Journey
Strange Woman, The
Suddenly It's Spring
Swell Guy
Tarzan and the Huntress
That Brennan Girl
Tiger Woman
Time, the Place, the Girl, The
Two Mrs. Carrolls, The
Undercover Maissie
Undercurrent
Untamed Fury
Yank in Rome, A (Italian)
Years Between, The